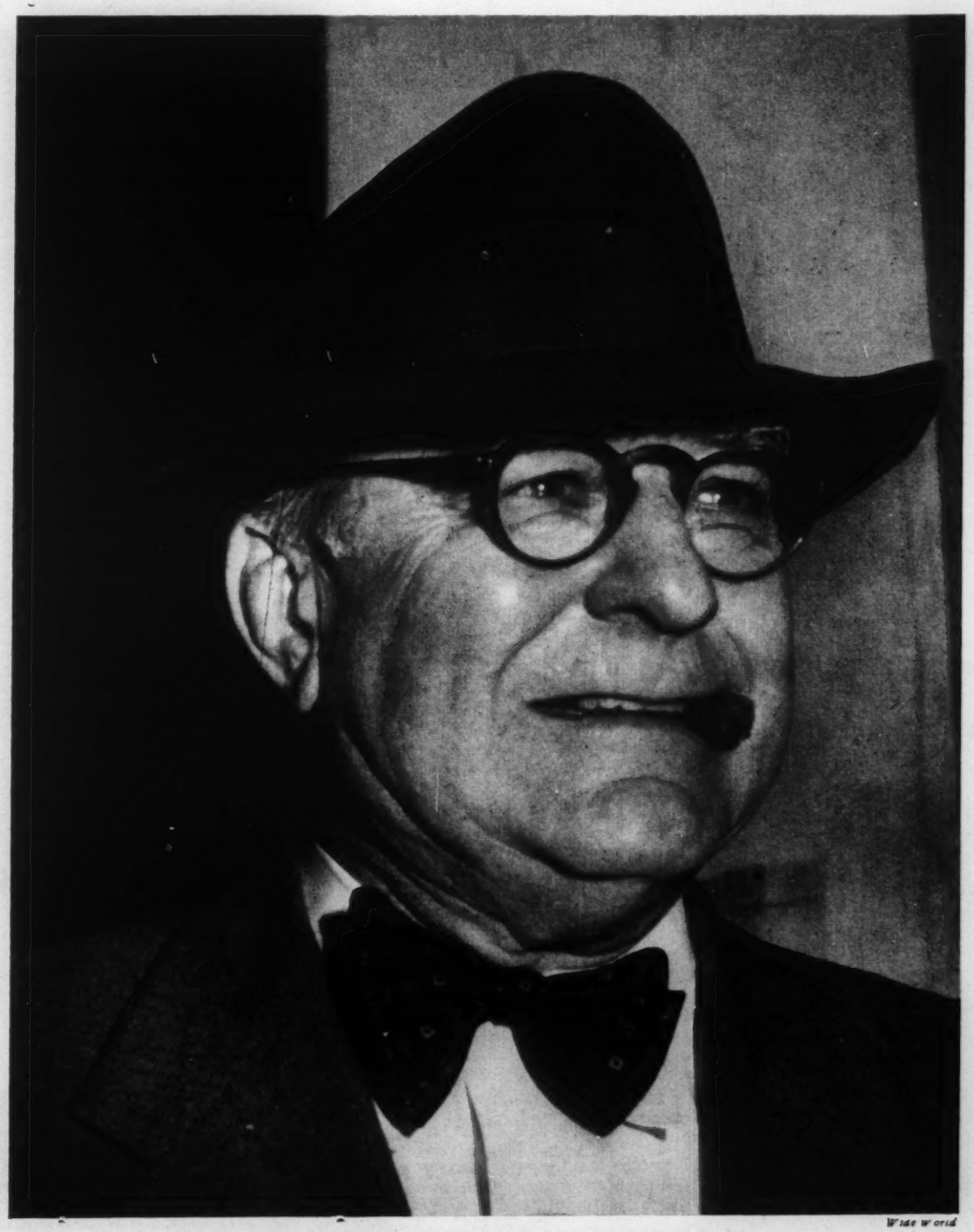
Saturday Night

September 19, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

When John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, told a Boston audience that the UN Charter needed revision, he was not saying anything that had not been said before, and as the realistic British were quick to point out, the chances of getting the major powers to agree to important amendments were about as good as those of Beria getting a public apology from Malenkov. But he used an interesting argument to bolster his case; the Charter, he said, was pre-atomic, and therefore obsolete before it actually came into force.

Mr. Dulles, in his speech at Boston, was still hearing the reverberations of the hydrogen bomb exploded by the Russians a while ago. And he was not alone. At the time he was criticizing the UN, John Diefenbaker was telling an audience in Waskesiu, Sask., that the world faces a "hydrogen bomb race" unless action is taken immediately by the United Nations to control atomic weapons. In Europe, men were calling for new talks with the Russians. In the United States, General Omar Bradley and various scientists were urging the administration and Congress to clear away some of the stifling secrecy surround-



Wide World

BRANCH RICKEY: The trends in Baseball *(Page 7)*

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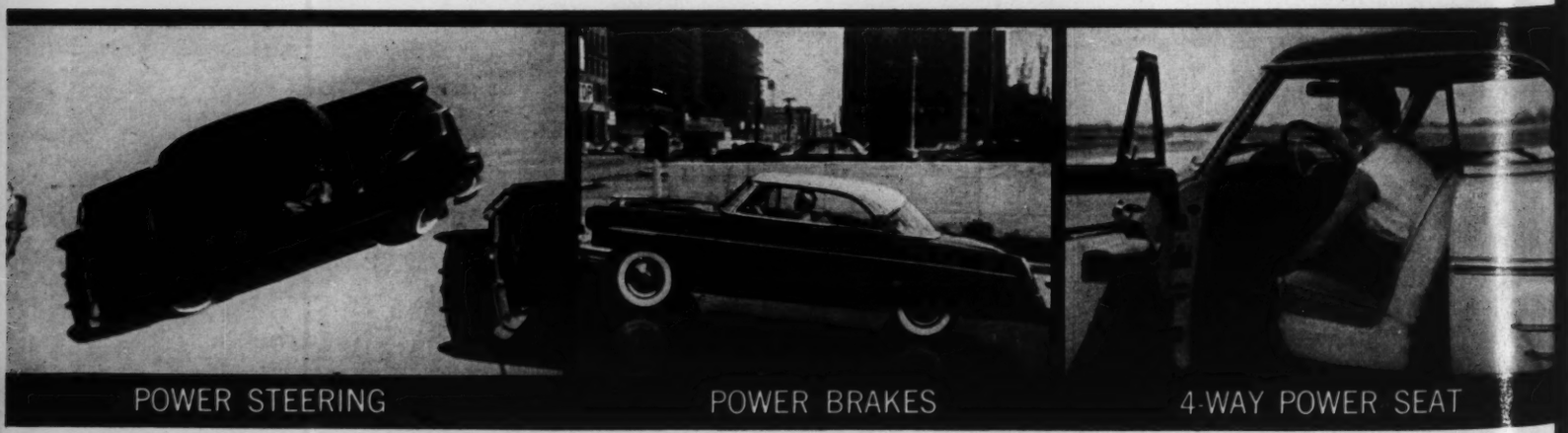

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

ing atomic research and give the people enough information to enable them to form an opinion about the weapons which may destroy them.

Of all the proposals and suggestions inspired by the explosion in Russia, that of General Bradley and the scientists is the one which holds the greatest meaning for the people of the United States and Canada. While the statesmen are haggling about ways of controlling the production of atomic weapons (and the futility of past discussions can inspire little confidence for the future), the people of North America should get some instruction in what Gordon Dean, chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, has called "the perverse mathematics of destruction."

It is not a question any more of one nation possessing a weapon powerful enough to keep the rest of the world in a state of uneasy peace. It is now a question of facing with courage and good sense the reality of the grim mathematics mentioned by Mr. Dean: if the enemy has enough bombs to destroy us once, the sum of our effort must be something better than enough bombs to destroy him 20 times. But there cannot be courage or good sense without more information; only panic and blunder can come from rumor and supposition.

This is much more than a question for the United States alone, because if war comes, the bombs will not respect borders. The great sufferers in modern war are not armies but cities, and the people in them should know what to expect. The morale of a nation is as important as its wealth and weapons, but morale cannot be built on fear of the unknown. Canada must impress on the United States the need for less atomic secrecy and more general knowledge of where we stand in a world that could be blown to bits about us.

Signs of the Times

WHEN THE orthodox "Keep Off" signs failed to stop people from trampling the academic lawns, the University of Maine puts its best brains to work devising new and more effective slogans. The savants sweated and produced two: "Your Feet are Killing Me," and "I Vont to be a Lawn." But for our money, the best effort in this line has been produced by officials of the new Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto. The sign on the lawn there reads: "Danger — New Blades."

Popularity and Music

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ has long been one of our favorite musicians as much for his charming ability to teeter between the two realms of music commonly called "classical" and "popular," as for his skill as a conductor and arranger. When we heard that Mr. Kostelanetz would be conducting Toronto's Promenade Symphony Orchestra next week, we asked him about his career as a sort of musical middleman. "There is only one distinction in music," he said. "There is only good and bad. Some of the music which today's public regards as classical was the popular stuff of its day. Verdi's arias were whistled in the streets and Mozart's compositions were played in cafés. And to come to more recent times to prove my point, there is the music of George Gershwin—his *Porgy and Bess* has been eagerly taken up by half a dozen opera companies, but it was written, along with most of his other work, for Broadway."

He could have added that Kostelanetz has a talent for taking a mediocre tune and giving it an interpretation that makes it sound good. Born in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) 51 years ago, he first played the piano in public at the age of eight, and by the time he was 19 he was assistant conductor of St. Petersburg's Imperial Grand Opera. Revolution in Russia made life difficult and he made his way to the United States, where he was earning a comfortable income doing radio work when he formed his orchestra in 1928.

The number 13 has a sort of charm for Mr. Kostelanetz, we learnt. At one time he was appearing in shows in New York and Hollywood, and he spent 13 consecutive week-ends flying between the two cities (a 6,000-mile round trip) to fulfil his engagements. He made 13 proposals of marriage to opera star Lily Pons, who was singing on the West Coast at the time, before they were married in 1938.

Mr. and Mrs. Kostelanetz have formed a notable musical team since that time. During the Second World War they toured the combat areas, giving concerts and organizing orchestras among the troops. When they appeared together in a performance at Chicago's Grand Park a few summers ago, they were responsible for what is believed to be a record attendance at a musical event—250,000 people turned up to see and hear them. This is not surprising, however, when one considers that more than 20 million pressings of Kostelanetz recordings have been sold in North America alone during the past ten years. At Toronto's Prom concerts, he is an old favorite, his visits having become almost an annual event.

Bender

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ: Between two worlds.

Maybe It's Finalized

IT HAS BEEN some time now since we came across "finalize," that atrocious bit of jargon nurtured in the disordered minds of memo-writers; we can venture to hope that it has met a timely death and is now stewing in a hell reserved for corrupt language. We always had a grudging admiration for the people who used the word, however, because it took a mad sort of courage to say that anything was or would be finalized — wrapped up, completed, impervious to time and chance. It was the ultimate expression of the curious belief that what man arranges, nothing dare disarrange.

The Sound of Tumbrils

AT THE START of this month, the weary and the hungry of Europe could brighten their drab lives for a few moments by reading about an amazing party given in Biarritz by the Marquis de Cuevas. The dusty peasant could straighten his back and think about dabbling his toes in a perfumed lake. The harried little office worker could pause between invoices and estimate how many lengths of $42-a-yard gold cloth would buy him a year's food. The homeless refugees could rejoice that they were now in a gay, mad world where even the lambs were decked out in bird-of-paradise hats and rose satin cummerbunds.

Amid all the gaiety, however, there was one jarring note: outside the country club where the party was held, the Communists of Biarritz were scrawling on the walls. "Remember the Revolution," they wrote grimly. The Communists, for once, hit upon an appropriate comment. The guests at de Cuevas's party were dressed in lavish costumes aping the fashions of the 18th Century—a century whose gaiety bubbled out in the blood of the guillotine.

We don't know how the champagne-laughter at Biarritz sounded in Paris or Milan or Berlin; but from this distance it sounded pretty thin, and through it there seemed to come the rumble of tumbrils.

Important Questions

CANADIAN COMMUNISTS have been going from house to house in several places, taking what they call a "peace referendum." The object, we suppose, is to find out if Canadians are in favor of peace. We shall watch eagerly for the results of the poll, because it should be as revealing of the way Canadians think as the survey made by the Socialists a couple of years ago to find out if Canadians were in favor of everybody getting more money. After the Communists get through, there should be other referendums taken to complete the picture of the Canadian mind. Among other questions which need to be asked are: "Do you favor more or less sin?" and "Should there be a law?"

Arbitrary Power

THERE ARE stupid laws and often there are stupid people charged with the administration of the laws, but laws and people can be changed. What must not be changed are the principles of justice which state that every person has a right to fair trial to appeal against what may be considered an unjust decision — the principles which make the law, as administered by the courts of the nation, a bulwark of personal freedom.

A statement of the obvious? Of course; yet not so obvious that there has been a general outcry against the creeping aggression of governments against those principles. The last few years have seen such an enlargement of the powers of governmental agencies that a whole generation now growing up may accept placidly a smaller degree of freedom and justice than their grandfathers knew, simply because their fathers did not cry out against the growth of bureaucracy.

André Taschereau, President of the Canadian Bar Association, and Lord Simonds, Lord High Chancellor of Britain, both spoke on this topic at the recent meeting of the American Bar Association. Administrative boards in Canada were replacing law courts, with no appeals from their decisions, Mr. Taschereau told the American lawyers. "The courts have lost all

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control over them and a gross miscarriage of justice may result to parties thus deprived of the protection that has been afforded pleaders from time immemorial," he said. The sum of the address by Lord Simonds was: "Resist at all costs the exercise of arbitrary power."

The growth of such arbitrary power in Canada is frightening. And just as terrifying is the placid way the people of Canada have accepted the excuse that such and such a regulation or such and such a board is necessary because we are living in times of continuing emergencies. This lust for regulation beyond appeal to the courts of justice is like some virulent disease which has entered the bloodstream of governments at all levels. Now we are hemmed in by officials stuffed with arbitrary powers, who tell us what we must do in all manner of things without ever fearing that their decisions will be subjected to the impartial scrutiny of men learned in the law. There are Federal and Provincial boards and tribunals which can hand down judgments on everything from the value of expropriated property to the price of milk—final judgments which do not permit appeal.

These boards and tribunals are eating into the body of law. If their appetite is not curbed, not even the bones of justice will be left for an enslaved population to nibble on.

The Pollen Count

NOTING THAT TESTS carried out by the Ontario Department of Agriculture gave Hamilton a pollen index of 79, the highest of any city in Canada, the *Hamilton Spectator* grimly observed the other day that "doctors still believe that at present the surest way for potential sufferers to avoid hay fever is for them to get away from the ragweed pollen areas until the first frost slays the plants." It had been our belief that the people of the Ambitious City were always as busy as bees and would thrive in air laden with pollen, but even in Hamilton, apparently, ragweed is something to be sneezed at.

Grape Salesman

PREPARATIONS for the second Niagara Grape Festival (which will be held next Saturday, Sept. 26) were well under way when we caught up with Bevis Walters, a burly, peregrinating Australian who thought up the idea of the Festival last year and is its business manager this year.

"I had read from time to time about the surpluses of grapes in the Niagara Peninsula," Mr. Walters said. "It seemed a pity, because even I knew that the Niagara grape is one of the finest in the world. It is of the Lebrusca strain, a type famed for its thin skin and a high moisture content which makes it unusually juicy. When I suggested the Festival idea to the wine people, they were enthusiastic. I got an office in St. Catharines and started planning. It proved successful beyond my wildest dreams. Something like 60,000 visitors, — nearly twice the city's population — came to watch the two-mile-long parade with 18 bands, to see the Grape Queen being chosen, and to dance in the streets. This year we'll have a lot more of everything. It should be magnificent, and we're expecting 100,000 visitors."

"We have a long way to go yet, however," he continued. "The annual Canadian consumption of native wines is not quite two bottles per head. It's six times greater across the border in New York State, and something like 35 gallons per head in France — at six bottles to the gallon. What many Canadians haven't realized yet is how much our native wines have improved over the last few years. We've mingled the native Lebrusca with the European Vinifera, and the result is superb."

Mr. Walters was a newspaperman before getting into the business of Grape Festivals. "I once owned a paper in Wales," he said. "It was all Welsh, too." He was running a farm newspaper in Western Ontario when he began thinking about the Niagara grapes. A jovial gourmet in the middle forties, his hobby is the preparation of enticing meals that cost less than a dollar. Last year he organized a Food and Wine Society, whose 40 discriminating members meet each month to eat, drink and discuss particular dishes and the accompanying wines—the domestic wines, of course, being favorite subjects of taste and debate.

Panda

BEVIS WALTERS: "We are expecting 100,000 visitors."

Happy Mr. Howe

HAVING GULPED sizable doses of Trade Minister Howe's own brand of soothing syrup during the last couple of weeks, Canadians can look confidently to the future. The carryover of Western wheat is now so great that storage space is jammed, from the ports back to the Prairies. "We must consider that we have been particularly blessed by nature," Mr. Howe said—a pious and comforting thought. The lull in demand Mr. Howe said, "applies to wheat from all exporting countries. We are doing at least as well as our competitors." This is another great comfort; things are tough all over. "Looking ahead," Mr. Howe said, "I am optimistic about Canada's future as a producer and exporter of grain." And this wiped out our last worry; the Prairie farmers will be able to grow wheat for a while yet, and have some place to put it. Now, to complete our joy, all Mr. Howe has to do is sell some wheat.

Our Expanding Vocabulary

A WHILE AGO we got a letter from H. Mitchell, of Lennoxville, Quebec. "Of late years," Mr. Mitchell wrote, "our understanding has been assailed by new and strange words which the learned have invented and foisted upon us — for instance, 'logistics' and 'semantics' and half a dozen others which the uninstructed, after considerable trouble, have taken into their vocabularies. In your issue of August 1, there was an advertisement of an academic position open in a South African university for a senior lecturer in 'Logopedics.' As near as I can get to it, it means the science of making words . . . the minimum qualification for the position is a Ph.D. in Logopedics. Is a doctorate in Logopedics granted by any Canadian university? It is all very mystifying."

We looked at the word and agreed; it was mystifying. Our first hasty assessment of the roots of Logopedics gave us "the kicking around of words," but that did not seem right. A search of three dictionaries and two encyclopaedias was unproductive; there was no mention of the word. Our thirst for knowledge now sharp and unslaked, we tracked down Ernest Douglass, whose work at the University of Toronto is described as Speech Therapy in Psychiatry. Mr. Douglass knew all about Logopedics. It is also known as Lalopathology, he said, and has to do with teaching people how to speak properly—correcting difficulties in speech, removing word-blocks and so on.

A degree in Logopedics is given by some American universities, with the course at the University of Iowa apparently the best of the lot. Possibly there were a dozen people in Canada with this degree, Mr. Douglass thought. There is the College of Speech Therapists in London, England (Mr. Douglass is a graduate) but no degree is given. No Canadian university has a course in Logopedics — or speech therapy, as Mr. Douglass prefers to call it.

So there is it: Logopedics, a pretty good word for the people whose interests lie that way, but not one we would care to meet too often in a piece of prose.

Air Defence

THERE IS NO doubt that Canada's Defence Research Board is justified in its concentration on the development of air-to-air missiles.

If a rocket must be fired from the ground, an enemy airplane must come within its range to make it effective. The ground missile, therefore, is a weapon for the close defence of probable targets. But to approach such targets in Canada, the enemy must cross a great land mass, where he can be intercepted and harried long before he approaches the productive centres he wants to destroy; the guided rockets carried by airplanes can be taken to the best point of interception.

To make the air-to-air missiles effective, however, we must have the planes to carry them, and the necessary warning system to make interception possible. These things, which must get first priority now in the planning of National Defence, will cost money, and it is difficult to see how there can be any reduction in the costs of defence while they are being done.

Yukon Travel

THERE IS a nostalgic note in the news that the last of the sternwheelers on the Yukon River, plying between Whitehorse and Dawson, has been operating this season with freight only—the first year since 1898 that has seen no passenger service on the Canadian stretch of the Yukon. Soon after the start of the Rush of '98, there were 20 or more sternwheelers in competition on the Yukon River, captained by characters of heroic mould. Then Dawson City faded and airplanes began to drone over the rivers and peaks that had stood in the way of the gold hunters. There are still a couple of passenger sternwheelers operating in BC, the Minto on the Arrow Lakes and the Moyie on Kootenay Lake, both owned by the CPR and both built 55 years ago for Gold Rush business. The end of the Yukon traffic was inevitable, of course, but there is always sadness as a bit of vigorous living withers and passes into history.

Letters

Native Culture

I HAVE BEEN noticing with approval your remarks about culture . . . I have spent several months of each of the last four years in various European countries. I can admire some of the fine streets in the great cities — but back of those streets are miles and miles of what would be called slums here. They have splendid showcases for visitors — but native culture is the way the people live. My observation is that English culture (about which we hear so much) is the culture of the fish-and-chip shop, the smoky pub and the Soccer Pool; Italy's is the culture of the open sewer and the fly-blown café; France's is the culture of cheap wine and cheap cynicism. I cannot criticize the Netherlands, and I have not visited Scandinavia . . . If this is European culture, I'll take North America, hucksters and all.

Toronto STEPHEN CARSLAKE

Conservative Reply

"THE Possible Course for Conservatism" (August 29) needs answering. You say that for the Conservative Party, "the most important thing is to define its philosophy" and again "what is worth conserving? What has been damaged that must be restored . . . What is bad that must be reformed?"

The answer to all these questions was given in clearest language in the recent campaign.

1. We pledged ourselves to restore and conserve our parliamentary form of government. For more than a decade our laws have been made, not by parliament but by a small group of men in the cabinet. At one time the whole fiscal policy of our country was changed and the members of parliament knew nothing about it until they heard it announced over the radio. With the passing of the Emergency Powers Act this year, government without parliament was made legal.

2. We pledged ourselves to restore and conserve the freedom of the individual. There are a great many people who are afraid to express opinions contrary to the government. On this matter, I have a letter from a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery who spoke of me having "courage in putting your opinions on paper". He added that he had written an article along the same lines, but could not get it published. We Conservatives believe that people should be able to express opinions without "Courage" being necessary and that the Press should publish not only what is favorable to the government.

3. Regarding "What is bad that must be reformed". We made plain that we would eliminate waste, extravagance and theft. The Conservative Government in New Brunswick in ten months of office has, to a remarkable degree, done just that. Extensive road building and repairs have been done at much lower cost. Grants have been increased to Municipalities, Education and Forest Conservation. Also the building has been commenced of a Polio and Cancer Clinic. With all this, taxes have been reduced. What is being done in New Brunswick, could have been done in Ottawa.

The reason the Conservative Party did not get more support at the polls is, many people agree, because the Liberals, by persistent propaganda, have managed to make the people believe that a Conservative Government would mean a depression. Fair criticism of political opponents is expected and legitimate, but to saddle our party in Canada with responsibility for a world-wide depression does not come under that head.

The Services were told that Conservatives would dismiss many and cut all pay. Bond Holders were told their bonds would drop in price. Old Age Pensioners and Receivers of Family Allowances were told they would lose them. All this added up to defeat for our Party, since people did not stop to analyze the source of these accusations. Nothing we said or did should have led them to believe such things.

So, therefore at Ottawa, we shall continue for the next four years to have the most appalling waste of our taxes, and be governed by a small group of men with parliament not knowing how many laws are passed.

The Conservative Party stands proudly upon its principles. I believe that the time will come, before long, when the great majority of Canadians will turn to us because we stand for what, in their hearts, Canadians really believe.

MRS. E. W. SANSOM,
Provincial President,
Progressive Conservative
Women's Association, NB

Fredericton

Naming of Buildings

DO ARCHITECTS ever give any consideration to the naming of buildings when they design them? A visitor who drives up University Avenue in Toronto would be hard put to name any of the buildings on what Dr. Faludi calls "the jewel of Canadian streets." Even when he abandons his car and walks the length of it, the visitor is not much wiser. Surely there must be some way of incorporating the name of a building into its exterior design so that you don't have to go into its foyer to find out what it is.

Saskatoon ARTHUR W. ANDERSEN

Civil Liberties

MRS. JOAN CARLSON, of Lake Cowichan, BC, writes in the August 1 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT concerning the Rosenberg case that "the executive of the American Civil Liberties Union nearly split on the issue and prior to their final decision several members of the board publicly stated their opposition to the verdict."

The vote of the ACLU board of directors with respect to intervening on the question of commutation of the death sentence was 18-4, which indicates it was not "nearly split". Certainly, there were dissenting views, which is only routine for a civil liberties organization whose prime function it is to defend the right of expression for everyone, and a few members of our board did state their opposition to the verdict. However, as an organization, the Union felt that no civil liberties issue was present in the death sentence and thus, aside from stating so publicly, did not take any action.

New York, NY. ALAN REITMAN,
Assistant Director,
American Civil Liberties Union.

Mr. Eliot Again

WE SHOULD certainly credit Mr. Eliot with the ability to say what he means, as Peter M. Urquhart suggests in Letters (August 29).

In *The Sacred Wood*, Mr. Eliot described Blake's philosophy—which *is* his poetic imagery—as an ingenious piece of home-made furniture constructed from the odds and ends about the house by this "resourceful Robinson Crusoe". Mr. Eliot's opinion here does not express either praise or understanding of Blake. It tells us more about Eliot than about Blake.

My original reference to Eliot and Blake was much too general to be interpreted as a criticism of either. It is simply a good example of the extremes of difference between a poet who finds personal validity in traditional and borrowed imagery, and one who says, as Blake did:

"I must create my own system or be enslaved by another man's."

MARGARET A. HEIDEMAN

Peterborough, Ont.

Reaction to the BBC

I LEARN from Mr. Stanley Peters' letter, that there are a few people in Great Britain who are anxious to get Commercial Radio. Poor fools! They do not know what they are in for . . .

The BBC has three distinct programs, the Home Service, Light Program, and the Third Program, the last catering to the more intellectual group, and sometimes a little too much for ordinary mortals.

The Home Service and Light Programs give a more varied, educational, recreational, and stimulating service, than all the wavelengths of the Canadian System put together.

Just to hear the way the news is read here, in Halifax, makes me long for the sound of the British announcers giving the news, as I think it should be given, not gabbled like a football commentary . . .

Halifax ELIZABETH M. BROWN

THANK GOODNESS someone who has experienced the horror of the BBC has done something to help destroy the pernicious myth that that stiff-necked institution is the be-all and end-all in radio . . . I grew up with it, never realizing how boring it was . . . Then I emigrated, and a whole new world of entertainment was opened up for me by Canadian and American radio . . . Let the CBC go its way; perhaps the majority does not mind paying for what pleases a minority. But we must not let our choice be limited in any way . . . Freedom is always best . . .

Windsor FRED APPLEGATE

The Church's Duty

AFTER READING the statements (Aug. 22) of G. G. Steel one may ask (and he might ask himself) what is the "bounden duty" of the Church of England? On the one hand it is to demonstrate and exemplify Christianity. The tenor and spirit of the New Testament are a safer guide than a single quotation detached from its context. On the other hand, for the Established Church in England, there is the duty of conforming to the law of the land. When, under the authority of the Crown, the law has been changed, the Church has had to submit to that change even though some of its members and officers did not approve of it.

In his letter on the same page Canon Davison, by quoting from the Coronation Oath, seeks to make it appear that the Sovereign becomes subservient to the "discipline and government" of the Church of England. but he does not explain the position of the Established Church. It is not above the law.

Many Canadians are apt to suppose that the Canadian canon and rubric forbidding the marriage of any divorced person were taken from England. How are they to know that the title "Church of England in Canada" is in some respects a misnomer?

And will Canon Davison explain how "greater care before entering the married state" can remedy the situation of a young husband with young children bereaved through the incurable insanity of the wife and mother? That is but one of many forms of distress which could be alleviated.

We all approve of measures of prevention. But we cannot endorse a reasoning that would veto fire-fighting apparatus on the theory that more caution should be used to prevent the possibility of a conflagration. That letter fails to convince the reader that Canon Davison can afford to dictate to others as to which contention "counts for nothing as an argument."

Vancouver C. B. REYNOLDS

Antique Service

IT WAS consoling to read B. J. Hurley's complaint about the train service on week-ends. I had thought such conditions prevailed only on the Toronto-Peterborough run. If you are travelling from Toronto to Peterborough on the local train, you either line up an hour ahead of train time in the hope of getting into a decent coach, or you reconcile yourself to adding to the cost of your train ticket the bill for laundry and cleaning services for everything you are wearing. It is a most antique and deplorable service.

(MRS. M. J.) CELIA KERR

Peterborough, Ont.

d a t e t i m e r

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The Changing Times in Baseball

By BRANCH RICKEY

"BASEBALL isn't what it used to be."

That is an often written and spoken opinion—and almost without exception the writer or speaker is thinking in terms of the "good old days" which have a way of getting better with each passing year. Of course baseball isn't what it used to be. Times change and time changes. But change does not necessarily make for deterioration. Some things improve with age.

Baseball in many respects is a better game today than it was at the turn of the century. Known in the United States as the "national" game for many years, baseball today is just as much the No. 1 game in some Caribbean and South American countries as it is in its native land. And Canada, too, has embraced it, both as a spectator and as a participating sport. Already there are rumors of major league baseball coming to Canada. Three of the AAA International League's top cities are Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto.

Interest in professional baseball on the Canadian side of the border is not confined to Quebec and Ontario. Four of the Class A Western International League's members are Western Canadian clubs: Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria. The eight-club, Class C Provincial League is exactly what its name implies—an "all-Quebec" league. Hamilton, Ont., of the Class D Pony League, is still another Canadian community which finds in professional baseball a means of pleasurable recreation.

Cuba is represented in the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues by Havana of the Class B Florida International League and Juárez and Mexicali, both Mexican cities, are in the Arizona-Texas League, a Class C circuit.

The players themselves give an international aspect to the game. Included on the spring training rosters of the 16 American and National League clubs last spring were 10 Cuban-born players, 4 Puerto Ricans, and two natives of Venezuela. Many Caribbeans are now playing in the minor leagues, and the number is constantly increasing each year.

This significant increase in the number of players born outside the United States is only part of a change in the over-all makeup of the playing rosters —perhaps a by-product of it. Since 1947, Negro players have been making names for themselves in the major leagues. In that year, Jackie Robinson established himself as a major leaguer. Today, six big league clubs are using Negro players regularly—and, generally, throughout baseball, color no longer is a consideration in determining whether or not a player may perform for a given club. Even in the deep South—in the South Atlantic and Piedmont Leagues, for example, and in the Southwest — in the Texas League, to mention only one—a man's *ability* more and more is coming to be the sole measuring stick of his eligibility to play.

The game itself—as played on the field—has changed little through the years. Baseball is unique in that, save for a few minor exceptions, the rules governing play have remained unchanged in substance for many years, though revised as to form in 1950. From time to time the style of play has been altered, to conform to the peculiar prowess of particular players. With the advent of "Babe" Ruth, "power", to an extent at least, replaced "precision" as the keynote of offensive play. Today the trend is towards a more diversified attack. With more awareness of the existence of the balk rule and with more attention being devoted to its enforcement, it is conceivable that base-running—a lost art for some time now—may again come to be an integral part of the game.

Wars and near wars and their aftereffects have played, and are playing, very important roles in baseball history. Among the far-reaching effects of World War II was a decrease in the number of operating minor leagues from a pre-war high of 43 in 1940 to a modern low of 10 in 1943 and 1944. Servicemen and prosperity both returned to baseball as World War II ended. Jointly they resulted in a "Golden Age" that may never be equalled.

The 10 faltering minor leagues of 1943 and 1944 became 12 in 1945, 42 in 1946, and 52 in 1947. There were 58 in 1948 and a prosperity peak of 59 was reached in 1949—a year in which 43,693,698 fans passed through minor league turnstiles. Compare that with the pre-war minor league high of 18.6 million in 1939 or the earlier (1923) top of 13.4 million.

Club attendances of more than a million per season had been comparatively rare prior to 1940. In the National League, only Brooklyn (1930) and Chicago (1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, and 1932) had reached that mark. In the American League, one million-plus attendances were recorded only by Detroit and New York. The Tigers topped one million in three seasons (1924, 1935, and 1937), the Yankees in nine (1920-1924, 1926-1928, and 1930). In the two leagues, therefore, prior to 1940 just 18 "million-or more" attendances were recorded.

The six-season period 1940-1945 showed only seven such attendances, but in the seven years following (1946-1952) 65 attendances of more than a million were registered, seven of them exceeding the two-million mark.

The major leagues, collectively, too, reached new attendance peaks in the postwar period. The National League jumped from a highly satisfactory 8,913,262 in 1946 to an all-time record-breaking 10,383,470 in 1947. The American League, 897,301 admissions below the senior circuit that year, went on in 1948 to set a new mark that will give promotion-minded baseball entrepreneurs of the future something to shoot for. A total of 11,150,099 saw American League games that season.

Individually, too, clubs drew better than they ever had before. All but three of the 16 teams set new marks for home attendances in the six-year period from 1946 to 1951, inclusive. Only St. Louis in the American League and Chicago and Cincinnati in the National League failed to top previous highs in those years. And only Cincinnati in the National and St. Louis and Philadelphia in the American failed to hit the million mark at least once. Brooklyn, through the years a hotbed of baseball enthusiasm, played to 1,807,526 fans at Ebbets Field in 1947 and 2,620,627 cheered Cleveland to a championship the following year.

There was a natural tapering off in the years that followed. Counter attractions undoubtedly account for some customer loss and once again the threat of war and war itself—the Korean outbreak—has taken its toll in performers and spectators alike.

Five seasons after the minors' peak year in 1949, there are just 38 leagues in operation as compared to 59 and last year only 26,305,328 spectators attended minor league games—a drop of 17,388,370 from the high of 1949.

Decreases to date in 1953 are even greater, available reports would indicate. In the major leagues the drop proportionately has been somewhat smaller but significant none the less. Last season 6,339,148 saw National League games while 8,293,896 were watching those in the American League.

LOSSES of players to the armed forces have been very heavy. On June 25 there were 3,297 players on the National Defence Service lists of the 300 minor league clubs. At the same time there were 53 men on the National Defence Service list of the 16 major league clubs.

Three of the big league clubs had lost but one man each. Pittsburgh in the National League and Detroit in the American had contributed eight and seven, respectively. And both Pittsburgh and Detroit are 7th and 8th place clubs. It does not follow necessarily that they would be better clubs were these National Defence Service men available but it must be evident that they have suffered disproportionately—giving out of their penury, as it were, while others, more fortunate, are contributing from their surplus.

Decreased attendance at the games in itself does not necessarily mean diminished interest in baseball. This year's major league All-Star poll resulted in the casting of 4,403,338 votes—second in total only to the 1949 vote of 4,637,743. True, the very substantial balloting in certain areas can be attributed to active promotion by certain newspaper and radio men; but it is a fact that many votes *were* cast by people who were interested enough to do something about it.

For some years now the New York club in the American League and Brooklyn in the National League have been outstandingly successful. Brooklyn, known for years as the home of the "Daffiness Boys", has in the pe-

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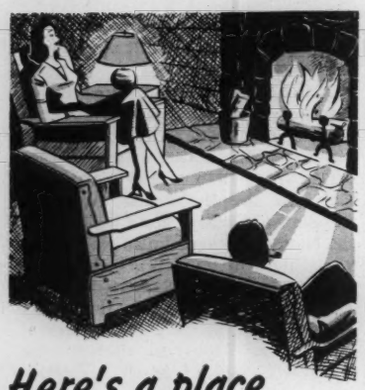

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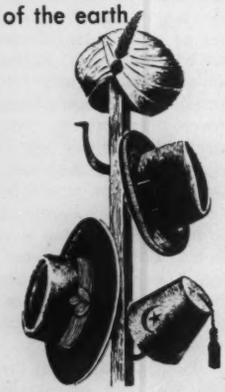

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riod from 1939 to date finished in first division in 13 of the 14 seasons and since 1946 has won three pennants, tied for another and lost the play-off to determine the winner, finished second three times, and third once.

The record of the Yankees in the American League over the same period —and before it, too—is even more impressive. In the last seven seasons, the Yankees have won five championships, and five World Series as well, finishing third in the other two seasons. Some indication of the dominance of the Yankees in recent years is the fact that New York has not finished out of first division since 1925, and from 1936 to date the club has won 12 pennants and 11 World Championships.

But there are indications that the old order is changing. Enterprising operators of other American League franchises are moulding teams which threaten the Yankees' supremacy in the American League. The National League race, in which only four games separated the first and fourth place clubs when play was resumed after the All-Star game, has seen a steady victory march by Brooklyn, which is blessed with standout regulars and superb replacements. But this is one season, and next year could be different.

Scouting, almost abandoned by some clubs during the World War II years, today is being carried out on an enlarged scale by almost every major league club. Expanded scouting staffs have resulted in the virtual abandonment by many clubs of the so-called "tryout camp" programs, and clubs today for the most part are concentrating on individual scouting.

Today baseball seeks the player; formerly, the player sought an opportunity to play. The operation of the inexorable law of supply and demand in the lush postwar period resulted in the payment of huge bonuses to untried players. The practice continues today, curbed to an extent by legislation designed to protect the club operators against themselves, but still anathema to those who believe that in baseball performance rather than promise should determine the rate of pay.

Significant among the postwar trends in baseball is the realignment, real and rumored, of leagues and franchises—major and minor. Already the Boston franchise in the National League has been shifted to Milwaukee, and, if the first year's experience is a fair criterion, the transfer justifies everything that was done to make it possible. It is entirely possible that other franchise shifts will take place within the immediate future.

There will be greater over-all changes in the minor leagues than in the majors. It is quite possible that there was over-expansion in the postwar years. Clubs were operated in some communities which simply could not support professional baseball on a sound economic basis at any time. In some cities, increased attendance could not overcome rising costs of operation. In other cities competition from counter-attractions, particularly the widespread broadcasting and telecasting of major league games in minor league territories, is blamed for the demise of clubs and leagues.

It is my considered opinion that major league clubs themselves will suffer lowered attendance from unlimited telecasting of their home games. I believe very definitely that baseball must come quickly to the position where it telecasts only road games, wherever such a program is feasible. Failing to do so, clubs must obtain, in receipts from the sale of telecasting rights, enough to offset the losses at the gate.

Baseball wants the widest kind of telecasting consistent with the preservation of the game itself. It is for the people to decide whether or not the organized game is good—good enough to continue.

Unlimited telecasts which are simply by-products of the game itself, which in turn is produced at great cost and in most cases unprofitably, tend to destroy the minor league clubs, and without the minor league clubs, baseball "ain't". Unlimited telecasts in effect force the major leagues to eat their young. It can be worse than that —we "eat" ourselves.

I have come to a very steadfast belief that if this game is to survive, something must be done about television before it is too late. Even now it is later, perhaps, than some people think. And that "something"—based on my belief that baseball legally can and should control its activities in the field of telecasting—includes the confining of telecasts to outlets located within a club's "home territory"—with each club to be given the right to determine which of its games are telecast. Further, I believe that all members of a league should participate in the receipts from telecasting, with the provision that, if some form of network telecasting of major league games in minor league territories becomes advisable, the receipts should be channelled to the minor leagues.

There is an increasing awareness among baseball men of the gravity of this situation and intelligent approaches based on sound business practices and principles are being made. More and more people in baseball are coming to realize that the future of the game rests upon a careful evaluation of its present problems and the adoption of measures best calculated to meet the competition now and in the future.

In these days of streamlined trains and high-flying airliners, baseball cannot content itself with a horse and buggy ride.

•

At Last

Quiet the waters lie
under a quiet sky.
So when Death bends above,
shall I.
The waters now are still,
passion grown cold and chill,
Peace lies like shadows long
upon a hill.
God will not take amiss
brief thanks for earthly bliss
When I am wakened by
Death's kiss.

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If Memory Serves

Schooldays, 1919 to 1926

HAVING JUST INTRODUCED my children to a Toronto Public School (the fourth one for my oldest) I am reminded of my own primary school days, during which I attended several public schools in Toronto's East End. These seats of learning were located in several neighborhoods ranging from the slum called Cabbagetown to a district miles to the east, which fancied itself as being half way up the working class social ladder. Our numerous flittings were the end results of the precarious Garner finances of the moment, and these finances fluctuated with bewildering rapidity from nothing to what sociologists were later to call "the bare subsistence level".

From 1919 to 1926, my public school years, I attended a total of seven schools, bearing such mundane names as Duke St., Park, Morse St., and Roden, and such royal and viceregal names as Lord Dufferin, Duke of Connaught and Queen Alexandra. There was very little difference between the schools with the fancy names and those named after streets or unknown figures, such as Roden, from the dim scholastic past. And there was only a slight difference, apparent in nuances of dress and behavior, between the schools located in the slums and those which were not.

Today, there seems to be more fraternization between teachers and parents than there was in my day; the only meetings between them then, that I remember, were when an angry parent stormed into the classroom to administer a clout or a tongue-lashing to a teacher who had physically assaulted his or her child. Fist-fights were the usual order of the day on the boys' side of the schoolyard, but they followed the rules of fair play, and "giving the boots" is a comparatively modern innovation, unknown during my schooldays.

I can only recall the names of two teachers, from the score or more who wrestled with my refusal to learn the fundamentals of education, but the names of fellow pupils I haven't seen for thirty years still remain in my mind. Those I will never forget were the tough-guys who made my attendance at some schools sheer physical and mental torture. Among them were Red Savage at Park School (even his name has an ominous sound to it yet), "Pecker" Philpott at Queen Alexandra, and Liege Clare at Duke of Connaught. I have lost track of Savage and Philpott, but Liege Clare was killed fighting for the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War.

One of the peculiar social phenomena of my schooldays was the prevalence of elderly female recluses who lived in small run-down cottages adjacent to most schools I attended. We believed these old women to be witches, and with the unthinking cruelty of children goaded them almost to distraction by gathering in front of their hovels and shouting, in a dissonant singsong, "Old Mother Witch, fell in the ditch!" until they emerged and scattered us with curses or wildly waving brooms.

The school children of the pre-antibiotic period were not so healthy as those of the present day, and diphtheria, scarlet fever, whooping cough and measles struck with epidemic force two or three times a year, leaving the neighborhood with a rash of quarantine signs appended to its front doors. Poliomyelitis was unheard of, but its effects were apparent in the number of crippled children. Every school had its quota of cross-eyed children, an affliction that has almost disappeared since corrective treatments became widespread.

Being quarantined annually was the bane of my existence, especially during the summer vacations. Wherever we lived, our front door soon became pock-marked from the thumbtacks used to pin garish red, pink or yellow signs bearing the name of my, or my brother's, current disease. My mother was a strict upholder of all city ordinances, and when we were quarantined for German measles or chickenpox we were kept as isolated as if the sign on the door had read Leprosy.

During one summer vacation we had two periods of quarantine, separated by only a few days, and I almost went stir-crazy with the enforced imprisonment. Had I known of Jean Henri Fabre in those days I might have emulated the French scientist and found an intriguing insect world among the ashes, weeds and old tin cans of our backyard, but instead I confined my entomological studies to pouring water down ant-holes and feeding houseflies to the fat and voracious spiders whose webs festooned the laneway fence.

Although she managed to keep vermin at bay, my mother was unable to prevent me catching every other loathsome ailment that swept through our ever-changing neighborhoods. One of these was ringworm, which was almost endemic in the Cabbagetown of those days. I developed one on the back of my head, which left me with a bald spot like a monk's tonsure that remained for months. I was luckier than some of my fellow pupils, who had their hair shaved off and were forced to wear skull caps to school. When the class had its annual photograph taken, they were kept out of the picture, not so much for aesthetic reasons, but for fear that their appearance would cause a panic among the mothers of their non-ringwormy classmates.

The Toronto schools made a half-hearted attempt to interest the pupils in such organized sports as softball, hockey and soccer, but the only equipment provided was the balls and the requisite number of moth-eaten sweaters which served for the baseball, hockey and soccer teams. Most of our exercise was self-inflicted, from such games as tag and "Buck-buck, how many fingers up?" to impromptu wrestling and handball. The girls skipped double-Dutch with long lengths of clothesline, played jacks, bounced balls, or ran screaming, in the manner of their kind, in lessening concentric circles.

One of our seasonal games was marbles, or "dibs", which usually began towards the end of February and lasted until the slush in the gutters and the mud in the schoolyard was dried up by the April sun. Along with the small tan-colored dibs we also used colored glass alleys, known locally according to their appearance as "smokes", "snots", or "speckles", which were more expensive than the lowly dib.

ON THE VERY FEW occasions when the weather kept us indoors we would retreat to the school basement. Several budding *entrepreneurs* would set up shop around the basement walls, giving this drab and forbidding area the magic appearance of a carnival midway. For the price of two or three dibs we could see, through a peep-hole cut in the end of a shoe box, a manually-operated movie consisting of a comic strip wound across two wooden sticks, or we could shoot dibs across the floor at little gateways cut along the edge of a piece of board, which offered the successful player "one, two or three-and-your-own-back", or else roll them down home-made pinball machines constructed of nails driven into a piece of wood.

Following the dib season came the annual comic-trading craze, when English comic papers such as *Comic Cuts, Chips, Pip, Squeak and Wilfred* and others were traded back and forth among their devotees with all the noise and madness of a stock-exchange trading floor.

There was no such thing as the recognition of artistic self-expression, and the public school pupil graduated from making paper cut-outs in kindergarten to painting flowers, all of which emerged as vari-colored daisies. The infrequent music periods consisted of the class being divided into altos and sopranos, the ring of a tuning fork, the staccato rapping of a pointer on the teacher's desk and the launching of forty voices into the

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approximate words and tune of *John Peel*. Another of the music teacher's favorites was a horrible piece of cacophony that had a repetitious line, ". . . the landlubbers lying down below, below, below; and the landlubbers lying down BELOW!" The enthusiastic shouting of the last word of this song would wake up the principal and almost shake the music teacher from her hairpiece.

Once in a while a hand-cranked phonograph would be brought into the classroom and we would be forced to fidget for what seemed hours while the machine ground out squeals and toots, and a syrupy voice said, "This is a bassoon," or, "That was the music of a violoncello."

Park School, the Cabbagetown Harrow, had a very famous mouth-organ band, in the days before someone changed the name of this instrument to harmonica. Some famous harmonica virtuosi were graduates of this musical organization, which performed at the Canadian National Exhibition each year. I couldn't play the mouth-organ, but I made the second-string team as a "clapper" player, imitating Fred Astaire on a pair of polished beef bones.

Along with the three R's, we were exposed to smatterings of elementary Botany (usually brought on by a girl called Myrtle Trelawney bringing the teacher a potted weed that she'd dug up in the Don Valley), Hygiene, which always meant that I'd get my knuckles rapped for having dirty hands, and Manual Training where we were taught rough carpentry, and for which I was totally and hopelessly unfitted. I always planed my pen-holders down to wedges and sawed my book-ends on a modernistic bias that drove the manual-training teacher into paroxysms of frustrated rage.

Occasionally, we would be transported by streetcar to the Art Gallery or the Royal Ontario Museum, but these cultural expeditions were largely wasted on the pupils, and our uninhibited actions must have sent many of the teachers to an early grave.

Punishment was generally administered with a long rubber strap applied to the outstretched palm of the hand. Some school principals and teachers developed an individual strapping technique, being able to flick the strap against their victim's palm, or aiming for the inside of the wrist. Some stoics took their punishment in stony silence, others screamed and kicked, while some were known to have wrested the strap from the teacher's hand and reversed the proceedings, to the enjoyment of their classmates.

The two most feared strap wielders of my school days were a one-armed principal at Park School and an eighth grade teacher at Queen Alexandra called Manders. One evening Manders strapped five of us for a crime that I have long since forgotten, and after reaching home a boy who had been strapped along with the rest of us died from a fit of epilepsy. This caused quite a stir, but our group stood by the teacher, and he was exonerated.

The Toronto public schools may have been more rugged thirty years ago than they are today, but they were probably harder on the teachers than they were on the pupils. Despite a reluctance to learn any more than was necessary, we somehow managed to absorb such things as long division, spelling, and the ability to read.

They've changed Geography into something called Social Studies today, but the children still play marbles, skip double-Dutch, trade comic books and get the strap. I'm waiting for the day that my son and namesake is sent home to wash his hands; then I'll know that things have run full cycle. It wouldn't surprise me to hear that my old music teacher is still tapping her tuning fork on the desk and leading forty altos and sopranos in "D'ye ken John Peel?" or ". . . the landlubbers lying down below." After all, there are some things that NEVER change.

HUGH GARNER

•

Battle of the Sexes

Mrs. Anna Chodock told Judge Sara M. Soffel in Pittsburg that her husband, Hyman, called her so many other names that she forgot her own name. She was granted a divorce.

Mrs. Dorothy M. Whitehouse complained in an Indianapolis court that her husband, Donald, insisted on buying all the groceries and always brought home jam which made her sick. Judge John L. Niblack granted her a divorce.

Zenis Lively filed a divorce suit in Detroit, complaining that his wife gave him dry peanut butter sandwiches for lunch while her dog ate club steak.

Judge Elmer Adams ruled at Tulsa, Okla., that Floyd Swabb, recently divorced, may visit his Boston bull terrier at intervals for three days at a time. His wife was awarded the terrier in the divorce action.

Jane Powell, the movie actress, got a divorce from Geary Steffen, an insurance man and former professional ice skater, on the ground he neglected her for tennis and water skiing. She said she was left alone almost every week-end. This constituted cruelty because she had to work all week at the studio.

Wayne Huttong was granted a divorce at Wichita, Kan., after telling the judge he worked nights and never got any sleep during the day because his wife insisted on keeping 36 pet canaries and two dogs in the bedroom.

Obtaining a divorce at Detroit, Nick Hall said his wife left him for another man, taking with her 20 of his white shirts, 14 sports shirts, several pairs of pants and some underwear.

Adam Klugg of Redcliffe, Alta., had a good story to tell his wife the night he didn't get home from a party; he had been slugged and robbed of $14 by two men he had picked up. It was too good. His wife believed him and insisted he report the robbery to the police. In court he told the truth. He had slept the night in his car. Klugg was fined $25 and costs, or 30 days, for his inventiveness.

Letter from Washington

The Makers of Platitudes and Policy

HAVE YOU EVER VISITED the Senate of the United States? It's very different from the House of Commons at Ottawa, where the Liberal Government is now confident that it is immortal as well as infallible, and from the parliament at Westminster where the art of debate has found its last splendid sanctuary. The Senate is a legislative chamber with more power than wisdom, with small men accoutred in the robes of greatness, and with its occasional peaks of distinction redeeming its drab plateau of mediocrity.

As you know, no cabinet minister is a member of the Senate or the House of Representatives. Ever since President Wilson's time, before the First World War, the suggestion has been made that members of the cabinet should have the right to be present in Congress when their legislation is under debate, so that they could answer questions, remove perplexities, soften suspicion, and provide responsible leadership. They would, of course, have no right to vote. But this reform has never been accepted, because it has seemed to herald the supremacy of the Administration over Congress and to end the system of checks and balances on which the American constitution is based. It has apparently never occurred to Congress that at present there are more checks than balances. Anyway, Congress remains a law unto itself, swift to anger, impatient of rebuke, slow in wisdom, yet able like all democratic bodies to rise to greatness when danger strikes or when the nation is summoned to perilous duty in service to a noble cause.

A visitor to Westminster will at once be impressed by the supple dexterity with which men debate the themes of state. There is the thunder of invective, the flash of wit, the weight of learning, the thrust of sarcasm, the march of argument, and the grandeur of personality. In the Senate men rarely debate; they issue edicts. Each Senator is elected for six years; this long term was supposed to give him independence of judgment; in practice it has served to make many Senators behave as if they were potentates rather than servants of the public will.

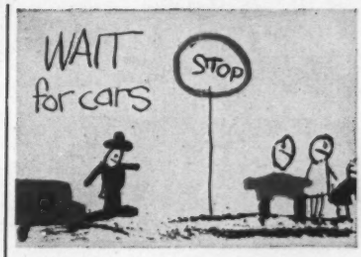
The office of most Senators is more splendid than that of Prime Minister St. Laurent in Ottawa, and everything is done to give the Senator a sense of personal power. He can summon the most powerful citizens before a committee and make them quail before the organized suspicions of that tribunal. He can threaten foreign governments with reductions in foreign aid and brandish America's pocketbook as if it were a bludgeon striking men into conformity with America's mood. He can teach President Eisenhower the danger of believing that the White House alone is the architect of policy, and he can bend a Secretary of State like Mr. Dulles into a swift compliance with impatient prejudices.

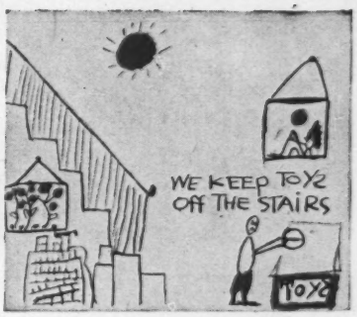
The Senate today is almost equally divided between Republicans and Democrats. But the entire tradition of American public life rebels at the notion of party uniformity. Members have always crossed party lines with ease and with no agony of conscience. In fact, men pride themselves on voting their conscience instead of being the puppets of the party whip. Of course, on some issues, where passions have been greatly stirred or when the President seeks an impressive mandate, the call to vote the party ticket sounds more imperiously, and usually it is heeded. But Senators resent this pressure and they are apt on the next issue to flame into a sudden protest merely to show that their independence cannot be bought or destroyed by a grimace of authority from their leaders.

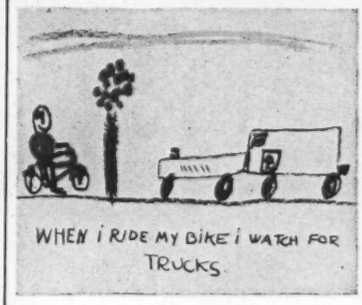
WHEN Senator Taft was leader, his power ruled the Senate beyond all hope of challenge. His successor, Senator Knowland, still has to win his credentials of leadership. For most Canadians, Senator Knowland is simply an American politician whose judgment has been crossed by an eccentric fondness for Chiang Kai-Shek and by a passionate resolve to redeem the fallen greatness of Nationalist China. Yet in the Senate he speaks with the authority which belongs to a prophet whose warnings have been vindicated by the march of events. Long before the Communists seized power in China, or were allowed to fling the Nationalists into exile on Formosa by the supine indifference of the Chinese people, Senator Knowland was warning his colleagues that events in Asia were out of control and that American policy would suffer a crushing reversal if it failed to increase its aid to Nationalist China.

It was beyond American wisdom and American power, I believe, to alter the current of Chinese destiny unless the United States was going to set its hand, bluntly and brutally, to wilful defiance of its whole history by seeking to impose its own wishes on the Chinese nation. In any case, this debate is now sterile, and even its echoes fall with a hollow sound over Washington. No matter what the truth may be, in the halls of Congress the authority of Senator Knowland stands supreme when Chinese issues are being discussed, and his prejudices are woven deeply into American policy. In fact, Mr. Dulles is far more interested in Senator Knowland's prejudices than he is in the convictions of Prime Minister Nehru.

But Senator Knowland has other







They're never too young to learn SAFETY

AFTER SCHOOL opens this fall, many classrooms will be decorated with pictures like those shown above. All of these pictures were actually drawn by children in the first grade.

These simple sketches show that even very young children can grasp the importance of safety and can apply its rules in their daily lives. In fact, our greatest hope of reducing the high toll of childhood accidents . . . on streets and highways, in homes, and elsewhere . . . depends largely on helping young children to develop the attitudes and skills necessary for their safety now and in the future.

The vital importance of the problem of childhood accidents is clearly emphasized by the record:

Accidents kill annually about 2,000 children under age 15 in Canada. In addition, hundreds of thousands of children are temporarily or permanently injured by accidents every year.

When children return to school, they will be exposed to an increased number of potential accident situations. This raises the question, is there anything you can do to help save children from accidental injuries or loss of life? Indeed, there is. You can put more stress than ever on habits of safe conduct.

All children—especially those just entering school—should be warned to take safety precautions in the streets. They should learn to cross only at crossings, to obey traffic lights, to look both ways before stepping into the street, and to face traffic if they have to walk on a road.

If a child rides his bicycle to school, he should know and obey such rules as keeping to the right, riding single file and signaling for turns. Moreover, it is wise for parents to make sure that the bicycle has good brakes, a warning bell, a front light and a rear reflector.

Children may also be helped to avoid accidents if parents themselves set a good example by consistently practicing habits of safety in the home and elsewhere. Now is a good time to teach children that the safe way of doing things is really the best way. You can do this, for example, by checking your home and removing possible accident hazards. Among other things, guns, ammunition and poisons should be locked up.

If, despite your protection and training, your child has repeated accidents, it would be wise to consult your family doctor. Sometimes accidents may be caused by physical or emotional conditions which he can help correct.

Remember that most accidents do not "just happen." Some authorities estimate that 90 percent or more of them are preventable. So, make your child safety-minded as he enters or returns to school. You may save him needless injury . . . and spare yourself some anxious moments.

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tasks besides resisting the slow pageant of Chinese history as it follows a course which fails to satisfy his private scale of values. On domestic policy he is a sensible reformer, aware that the New Deal and Fair Deal cannot be repealed, but resolved equally to check the drift towards social security by the restraints of a budget now swollen to ugly proportions. He has supported every major measure since the Marshall Plan to strengthen Western Europe against the challenge of Communism. He often behaves as if he is a prophet in Babylon. The pomps and mummeries of Washington's social life fall with a distant appeal across his lonely and laborious career. He prefers staying at home and studying a complicated report from some agency; and this devotion to the tasks of administration serves to give him the power of knowledge when issues have to be decided. He has a resonant voice, with sepulchral overtones, and if he ever achieved an epigram he would be the most surprised man in Washington; he is a dull, dedicated man with few enthusiasms to mislead him, and his loyalty to his own political dogmas may yet enable him to shoulder his way to greatness.

Behind him, a counsellor whose wisdom never seeks the fickle sanction of public applause, stands the flaccid but formidable figure of Senator Millikin of Colorado, one of the wisest men in the Senate and a leader whose word can often break a policy or help it swiftly towards acceptance. No one now, on the Republican side, can match his knowledge of tariff policy or of taxation problems. His mind has been securely domiciled amid the traditions of the Republican party. When he delivers judgment—always after mature reflection and careful study of the documents—his opinion is stamped with authority, even for those who dissent from his views. Like Senator George of the Democratic party, he is a leader of that large group of conservative-minded men who stand together by the instinct of property even more than by the convictions of political philosophy when reform raises its audacious voice to challenge rooted error and giant privileges.

Senator McCarthy is no mud-stained primitive. He is that ugly spectacle, a fanatic on the make, and his pilgrimage of prejudice has left a smear and scar of envenomed bitterness across the nation that makes him, rather than the Communists he pursues, the real subversive of the American heritage of freedom. Ruthless in debate, quick to exploit an opponent's weakness, bound by no rules, he has been a scourge in the Senate and few men have dared to cross him. But Senator Monroney has shown that Senator McCarthy's vaunted powers can be challenged without too great hazard, and others are now less reluctant to feel the stroke of that savage tongue and to resist his calculated campaign against honest differences of opinion.

On the Democratic side, the ablest man is Senator Russell of Georgia. His power, however, is rarely shown in debate. He is a man with vast knowledge of public business and his guidance is faithfully followed on many issues by Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas, the party leader. Senator Symington has made a good impression in his first session, so good that he is already dreaming of being the candidate for the presidency in 1956; but he must show first that his ability is equal to his ambition. Senator Kefauver, as always, looks like St. George only under the enchantment of distance, and if one never seeks the carcass of the slain dragon. In an assembly of contrived effects and counterfeit greatness, few can match his use of stage thunder or surpass his impromptu indignation at wrongs that still remain formidable when his crusade has trailed out of the headlines.

My favorite Senator is Senator Douglas of Illinois. He has many faults of judgment and of temper; but he comes closer to my ideal of a Senator than anyone in Congress today. Some day I may tell you about him, and I will not hide the black patches even while I praise him.

MAX FREEDMAN

•

In Space-Time, Verity

If Space itself within itself withdraws
Yet finds no issue from its emptiness,
Unbounded, still in bond to its own laws,
Nor in the greater can exceed the less,

If Time is not, nor was, nor shall exist,
But yet all three combines, and is our dream
Of valid vision in a depthless mist,
The screen where "be" resolves itself in "seem",

If touch and fragrant color, brilliant sound
Have quivered to illusion, are no more
Than pulsing energy in frenzied round,
Where shall we find the star, the path, the door?

My love, if our reality is lies,
One truth remains, unchanging, in your eyes.

SHOLTO WATT

•

Dawn Flotsam

In the mist light,
In the shifting dawn,
The sight foreshadowed
And the wilful thought half-leashed,
Now in the mind the underleaf is turned,
Sap is willed upward in the long stem.
Now dream roots tentacle the day,
The tall harvests of the night lean to earth.
Love lies quiescent; grief too
Floats like a leaf on the grey waters
Of unsubstantiality.
Now love and grief make common flotsam
On the fluent formlessness
Of the mist light,
Of the shifting dawn.

MYRTLE ADAMS

Films

All in the Same Boat

THE MOST REWARDING movie in town during the hot spell turned out to be *The Story of Three Loves*. This was partly because it employed an unusual number of good-looking and talented people, partly because the air-conditioning alone would have compensated for anything that might be happening on the screen.

The film is a variation on the Grand Hotel treatment plus the "package" technique evolved for the display of Somerset Maugham's short stories. All the characters here are assembled on an ocean liner, but the three stories that develop have no relation to each other and the characters engaged in each of the episodes haven't even a boat-rail acquaintance with the other groups. For a moment, to be sure, it looked as though James Mason, cast as a dance impresario and choreographer, might strike up an acquaintance with danseuse Leslie Caron, but nothing came of that. Mr. Mason just sat brooding in his deckchair all the way across the Atlantic, while his story, like the other episodes, was related in flashback.

The tragedy which keeps impresario Mason isolated from his fellow-passengers has to do with the fate of the beautiful dancer (Moira Shearer) whom he picked up one night while she was practising solo on an empty stage. From hints dropped by his new acquaintance, he deduces that she is suffering from an affair of the heart. The trouble, however, is organic rather than emotional; after Mr. Mason puts her through a strenuous workout of a ballet based on a Rachmaninoff Rhapsody, she totters off home where she presently drops dead of a thrombosis.

"She cahn't live if she cahn't dahnce," says the heroine's tearful aunt, (Agnes Moorehead) in the special diction developed by the Mercury Theatre. "If she daances she caan't live," snaps the medical consultant in the flat tones of Hollywood. Since Miss Shearer's fate is always heavily underlined from the start, there isn't a great deal of suspense in the opening episode. The heroine herself is enchanting to watch, however, particularly in her dance numbers. As the impresario, Mr. Mason is required to wander about, gradually passing from churlishness to ecstasy. Bad temper is a lot more becoming than rapture to James Mason, and in comparison with the soaring Miss Shearer he seemed rather uneasy and earthbound through the latter part of the story.

Passing on to a neighboring deckchair, we come to Leslie Caron, who is reflecting with some bewilderment on her recent experience in Rome, where she was employed as governess to an American child. It seems she did her best to inspire him with a love for Verlaine and French irregular verbs. This only annoyed him, and in revolt against the time-table, he hurried off to an American expatriate (Ethel Barrymore) who here functions part-time as a witch. He wants to escape the troublesome period of pubescence, and Miss Barrymore not only grants his wish but turns him for two hours into Farley Granger, complete with a Byronic profusion of curls. Financed from his piggy-bank, he goes straight out to court his governess, and takes her driving by moonlight. Miss Caron, in her deckchair, is still mulling over this peculiar episode, when the camera switches abruptly to Kirk Douglas, brooding by the boat-rail.

He, too, is busy with recollections and these have to do with a lovely would-be-suicide (Pier Angeli) whom he fished out of the Seine. After her rescue she is in a terribly depressed state of mind, but eventually he is able to inspire her with an interest in life and the high trapeze, which is his specialty. After that, the two work up their act to such a pitch of daring and dexterity that I would have been genuinely nervous about them if I had not known they were protected by their contract. There is a good deal of suspense and muscular action in this episode, and Kirk Douglas and Pier Angeli are equally satisfactory, whether on the ground or in the air.

The Story of Three Loves is in technicolor, the writing is literate, and the photography, particularly in the final sequences, brilliantly dramatic. In addition, the film has three leading ladies of conspicuous looks and talent. You will go a long way before you find so many handsome people involved in such a variety of heartbreak.

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Foreign Affairs

Can the U.S. Hold Her Allies?

OH IF ONLY those who are so free with their criticism of American policy these days had the responsibility of guiding that policy themselves!

What would they do about continuing aid to critical and wavering allies? What would they do, facing the frightening weakness of France, to replace the European Army policy in building a defence of Western Europe? What would they do about the expulsion of the Sultan of Morocco, when that territory holds great strategic bomber bases more vital than ever to the security of all of us now that the Soviets have the H-Bomb? What would they do to warn the Chinese Communists out of Indo-China, vital to the defence of all South-East Asia and perhaps ultimately to the security of India? And, to come to the most exacerbated question of the moment, one which has greatly excited many Canadian newspapers, what would they do about admitting India to the Korean Peace Conference?

The fact that the majority of U.N. delegates, and perhaps even the majority of newspapers in the NATO countries, seem to be against American policy in these and other matters, particularly the matter of adopting a "tough" attitude towards Soviet Russia, does not prove that policy to be wrong. Weak democracies, and especially weakly-led democracies, will almost always favor a policy of appeasement; but appeasement of predatory dictatorships has been proved conclusively to be the wrong policy. Mothers and fathers of families, old folks and overburdened taxpayers are very numerous in the Western countries, and, under the dreadful threat of atomic obliteration, very squeamish. Except under a direct threat, such as Stalin presented from 1947 to 1952, they will readily tell the poll-taker that they would like to see "give-and-take negotiations." With the Soviets now all smiles, these people are fairly easily persuaded that it is only those "crude" and "clumsy" Americans who are preventing a relaxation of the cold war tension.

But the Americans, who have the responsibility of manning the main line of defence for the Western world —and the Eastern world, too, for that matter — believe that if the Soviets offer a relaxation of tension, it is only a tactical detour. It is only because they need a breather after the death of Stalin, to get a firmer grip on things in the USSR and its satellites. The uprisings of the workers in Czechoslovakia and East Germany, and the admitted discontent of workers and peasants in the other satellites and in Soviet Russia itself, prove that this is a difficult moment for the Soviet tyrants, the Americans say.

The way to win the cold war is not to give the new Soviet leaders the time they need to consolidate their position, so that they can return to the attack against us, but to play on their weaknesses as much as possible. Have we ever had such admissions of weakness from Soviet Russia in years? Three times over, in his speech to the Supreme Soviet, Malenkov took the trouble to *deny* that Russia was weak.

The best refutation of the talk about the "tough" American policy is the fact that the American people themselves, and their congressmen, though in the strongest and safest position of any of the Western nations, will not back up the policy of taking the political offensive against the Soviets and aiding the liberation of the satellite nations and the non-Russian peoples within the USSR— the policy urged by both Dulles and Eisenhower during their election campaigning last year.

No such political offensive has been carried on, to take advantage of the unique opportunity presented to us by the death of Stalin. The greatest care was taken *not* to fan the licking flames of revolt in East Germany and Czechoslovakia into a conflagration. The only conspicuous advantage taken of this Soviet embarrassment was the sending of propaganda balloons into Czechoslovakia, and the purely passive step of distributing food parcels to the East Germans.

IT IS WORTH recalling that the latter venture, which is rolling up into a notable success, was freely attacked at first for the "clumsiness" with which it was urged by the Administration and discussed by Congress.

Surely one lesson to be drawn from this is that nothing that the U.S. does these days will satisfy some people. A good many of them well deserve the scornful name of "rice Christians" applied to them the other day by the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald;* they ceased to support the U.S. the day it stopped its hand-out of aid. Others have merely seized upon the nasty spectacle of McCarthyism as an excuse; one does not know whether to suspect their intelligence or their integrity when they ask who is running the United States. It cannot be any more difficult to believe that an established world figure like Eisenhower will prevail over the yapping obstructionists in American public life than it was to believe that the unknown and untried Truman could do so.

I admit to an uneasy feeling about Ike's leadership; it hasn't turned out —yet—as I had hoped. But he is a genuine man of good will, and that is bound to count considerably against the Soviet-drawn picture of a rapacious, war-making America.

And he has to formulate policy while the United States is undergoing a change of administration for the first time in nearly a generation, while the whole world seems to be passing from one post-war phase into another, and as yet undetermined, relationship.

Perhaps I don't make enough allowance for these factors myself in feeling disappointed in Dulles. Or perhaps I was over-enthusiastic about him, as a firm believer in the liberation of the enslaved peoples and the federal union of the Atlantic nations. In any case, he does not seem to be a successful diplomat. Even if he is faced with a general tide of opposition to American policy, as being too uncomfortably firm for the others, he should have managed better in the UN debate on the make-up of a Korean Conference. Naturally, Canada and most Commonwealth countries felt that India should be supported as a member of the conference. But the U.S. case against her inclusion was too good to have almost every Asian delegate vote against it.

The inclusion of India would have been a victory for the Communist aim of switching the conference from one to arrange peace in Korea to one to discuss all the major Far Eastern issues. On almost all of these, India opposes U.S. policy. She is completely against Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Government, and would sacrifice Formosa to the Chinese Communists. She has for years characterized Syngman Rhee as "another Chiang," and would never support the unification of Korea under any government of which he might be the head. She is just as opposed to Bao Dai, whose Viet Nam Government is raising an army more or less on the style of the South Korean Army, armed by the Americans.

Now what are the Americans expected to do in such a situation? They must either fight for their policy and oppose India, or accept India's policy, which happens in this case to coincide with that of Moscow and Peking. Surely the Americans have a good enough case in their support of Asian nationalist aspirations over the years to get some Asian backing.

The Americans have a truly magnanimous record in helping the Filipinos to independence. They made much bad blood with the British, right up to the end of the war, in pressing for Indian independence. They are chiefly instrumental in the UN policy of independence for Indonesia. They have followed an enlightened and generous policy of assisting the establishment of popular government in Japan. They have opposed the re-establishment of French colonial rule in Indo-China and pressed for national independence for its peoples. The Americans have a right to be considered the most disinterested friend the Asians have, but they don't urge their case very successfully.

In Europe, where many seek independence from America in a fury of ingratitude, the U.S. policy of clinging "blindly" to the concept of the European Army is scorned. What should the U.S. do—shift its main reliance from the French, who refuse to reform their country or even govern it, to the Germans? There would be a lot louder shouting if that were to happen! The U.S. deserves credit for standing staunchly by the only policy which is built on the Europe of the future and not of the past, while those who taunt her quit the ship. These people enjoy themselves, asking whether the U.S. can hold her allies, with her low prestige and her impossible diplomacy. They might stop to think that *the question could be asked the other way round.*

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Ottawa Letter

Stronger Immigration Policy Needed

IMMIGRATION IS A PROBLEM which in the broad national interest demands much more serious attention than the St. Laurent Ministry has hitherto accorded it. The census taken in June, 1951, placed the total population of Canada at 14,009,429, which represented a gain of 21.8 per cent over the figure for 1941; it has probably now passed the 14½ million mark. On the surface, the gain was reasonably satisfactory, but it was swollen artificially by the 361,416 Newfoundlanders included for the first time, so that the net increase for the nine other provinces actually was only 19.5 per cent.

The cold truth is that in common with most of the other Dominions, Canada has a very disappointing record in the growth of her population.

Back in the early 1890's the late Sir George Foster, who was Minister of Finance, delivered to an English audience a speech in which he predicted confidently that in his lifetime there would be more white people in the overseas Dominions than in the United Kingdom. At that time the population of the United Kingdom, which then included Eire, was about 37 millions and the aggregate population of the Dominions was about 10 millions. In the six decades which have elapsed since the speech, the United Kingdom has suffered an annual drain of her population through emigration and the Dominions among them have admitted a good many millions of immigrants. But today the total population of the British Isles (including Eire) is about 53 millions and the combined total of the white populations of all the non-Asiatic Dominions is about 27 millions.

Canada, lying much nearer to Europe than any other Dominion, and enjoying a spell of unprecedented prosperity, ought to be a more attractive magnet than any other country for Europeans who are dissatisfied with their lot and aspire to better their fortunes by emigration. It ought to be more attractive to them than it was in the opening decade of the present century, when it was rescued from economic stagnation by the settlement of the West and the admission of about a million and a half immigrants.

It is true the lure of free homesteads in the prairie country is no longer in operation, but the opportunities for industrial employment are much greater and the country is infinitely more prosperous and has a much higher average standard of living than 50 years ago. Moreover, the parlous economic plight of most European countries and the menace of Communist aggression have created motives for emigration which were then absent.

The question can fairly be asked whether barriers have been deliberately erected at Ottawa to check a tide of immigration, whose flow, if unfettered, would surely be stronger than ever before in our history.

At intervals Walter Harris, the Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, lays his hand upon his heart and avows that he and his Department are pursuing the most vigorous policy for the encouragement of immigrants that is compatible with Canada's capacity for absorbing them. But the official data about immigration hardly sustain this claim. They show that in the first six months of 1953 the number of immigrants admitted was 78,336; during the first six months of 1952, 98,057 were admitted. Now the number of immigrants in the whole of 1952 was 164,498, and if the ratio of the decline in admissions in the second half of this year is the same as in 1952, the total number of immigrants for 1953 can be forecast at about 130,000. This number is not only well below the figure for 1952, but it is also just about two thirds of the total number admitted in 1951.

Some explanation of the decline is surely in order. In 1952 no serious difficulty was experienced in absorbing 194,391 immigrants in our labor market. In the past two years the level of national prosperity has been ascending steadily and there has been a notable enlargement of our indus-

R. K. JOHNSTON

O. B. Thornton, President of Montreal Trust Company, announces the appointment of R. K. Johnston Assistant General Manager in Toronto. The President has stressed that this appointment has been made because of the increased expansion of the trust company's business in Ontario. Mr. Johnston, who came to Toronto from Vancouver, has been Manager of the Toronto Office in recent years.

trial structure, which has produced an expansion of the possibilities of employment. Why then did Canada in the first half of 1953 open her doors to only 24,022 immigrants from the United Kingdom and to about 50,000 from continental Europe?

Some light was thrown on this mystery at the recent annual conference on public affairs at Lake Couchiching, when Jean Boucher, who is special assistant to the Deputy Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, spoke on the problem of immigration. Since he gave no warning that he was speaking merely as a private citizen, it can be assumed that his pronouncements about policy in regard to immigration carried official sanction.

Mr. Boucher indulged in the forecast that, if the inflow of immigrants was maintained at the present scale until 1961, our population in that year would reach a total of 17 millions, which would be a gain of roughly 25 per cent in the decade. And he made the following observations about official policy in respect to immigration:

"Is it not quite natural for us Canadians and, after us, for our Government, to feel that certain peoples have a more intimate claim upon our sympathy and that we can best contribute to international prosperity by discharging first such responsibities as weigh more heavily upon our conscience? Is this discrimination in the derogatory sense of the word? Any significant increase in the movement of those who still get but a small share of our program would be at the expense of those towards whom we feel more immediately responsible and who are not necessarily less fortunate."

Words have no meaning, if this statement does not admit something that the Department of Immigration has persistently denied, namely that it applies to immigrants a quota system on the lines followed in the United States. And why was such reticence observed about the identity of those peoples who have "a more intimate claim upon our sympathy" and "weigh more heavily on our conscience"? It is hard to imagine that Mr. Boucher placed our two basic stocks, the British and French, in this fortunate category; so far this year only 25,574 members of these two races, or about half of the total number entering from other European countries, have been admitted.

Trade Minister Howe takes a justifiable pride in the wonderful enlargement and diversification of our industrial structure, which has been achieved under his ministrations since the close of the Second World War, and a substantial part of its fruits, in the shape of an increased output of a variety of products, have yet to be reaped. But there are distinct limits to the amount of this additional production, for which the American market can provide an outlet, and in overseas markets our industrial goods, with their high costs of production, will find it very hard to compete with the lower priced goods which Britain, Germany and Japan can offer. Therefore, one of the fundamental needs of our expanded industrial structure is an enlargement of the domestic market, which can only come through an increase of population.

Professor F. W. Notestein, of Princeton University, who is an acknowledged authority upon problems of population, was perfectly right when he told the conference at L. Couchiching that Canadians could have a higher standard of living if there were more people in Canada. "At present," he said, "Canada has too small a population to take full advantage of the economies of large scale production and a balanced economy."

It is absurd to argue that there is not scope for a very large increase in our farm population, which at the beginning of the century was about half of the total population but had shrunk in 1951 to one fifth. The Canada Year Book for 1952-53 estimates that the total area of cultivable land in Canada is roughly 552.7 million acres and that of this total only about 272 million acres are actually farmed. Agricultural immigrants need not be pushed out to the northern parts of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, because even in the more or less thickly settled districts of Ontario and Quebec there are large areas of potentially fertile land, which the Danes or Dutch would long ago have cleared and drained and made highly productive. There is abundant room for many more immigrants than are now being admitted.

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Persona Grata

Buttons, Boaters and Ballyhoo

THE CITIZENS OF MIAMI, Florida, were baffled. They had loaded the Canadian visitor with facts about their climate, industry, wealth and prospects. They had spread before him the youth and beauty of a glamorous State. Then they had sat back and waited for compliments.

The visitor, however, had reacted with a fantastic theory of his own. He contended that *his* hometown, Vancouver, Canada, was the paradise of the North American continent. Michael Leo Sweeney was at it again.

Leo Sweeney, a cooper by profession, and built roughly on the lines of a barrel himself, is an obvious devotee of the boosters' and the joiners' creed. He wears, while travelling in foreign parts on his missionary work, the buttons and badges of the Elks, the Kiwanis, the Evergreen Playground Association, the Hoo-Hoo Society (a secret sect of lumbermen), and the Knights of Columbus. Prominent in his home is a beribboned and gold-sealed citation recording that he is a Kentucky Colonel and ADC to the Governor of Kentucky. He is proud of having been decorated a Knight of St. Sylvester by Pope Pius XII.

Sweeney is living proof that Ballyhoo is still king, that Babbitt is still a pretty good fellow, and that the public loves a clown. He is equipped for his role with a round, genial face, blue eyes, and a voice that he claims is "God's gift to the deaf". He slams the table, moves like a rubber ball, and has a trade-mark—a straw hat which has become as famous as Chevalier's.

Lest it be thought that all this is unbearably jejeune, Leo Sweeney has his answer: the world is not yet ripe for any more advanced tactics. In the tourist business (though not in the cooperage business), it appears that we are not yet ready for any appeal more advanced than that of the midway barker (who also wears a skimmer). Sweeney, who could have been a huckster or a wrestler, depends on the oldest gimmick in the business—the weather. As a cooper, one of the few left in Canada, he can trace his art back to Biblical days, and likes to mention that Rachel took a coopered pail to the well. "But when she got there, her chatter was probably about the weather," he says. "Things haven't changed much."

THE MOST newsworthy trick is to sneer at the local climate, and Sweeney does this repeatedly and loudly. In Honolulu, he is apt to shiver in public, especially if reporters are around. He gazes doubtfully at the cerulean sky, and ostentatiously drapes a raincoat over his arm. In California, he is not above waiting for a rainy day to check out of his hotel, and then wears a straw hat "for use when I get home". And in Houston, Texas, he is prone to ask whether golf can be played in the winter.

Vancouver Province

LEO SWEENEY picks his Christmas Day rose—this particular one on December 25, 1950, at 1 p.m. with the temperature 55 degrees.

These innocent manoeuvres naturally lead to inquiries about Mr. Sweeney's own homeland, and at that point the questioner is lost. He is in for an hour's dissertation on the climate of BC, or, if the inquirer is a reporter, for some highly quotable comments.

Leo Sweeney does all this in an honorary capacity because he genuinely believes in BC. He seems to have the natural gift for clowning that goes with barrels, and it needs only a hint to have him clap on his head the straw hat kept in his office, the one at home, or the one in the back of his car. He signs himself "Yours evergreenfully"; he once boasted that he would always pick a rose in his garden on Christmas Day, and did so even when he had to delve under the snow. (Any other man would have been disconcerted by the sabotage of two of his younger children who were happily rolling snowballs in the background.) Only once has he antagonized anybody; after a visit to Germany, he said Canada should learn something from Hitler in the construction of roads. He will do almost anything to be photographed in the Press, and has appeared almost as often in a barrel as out.

The President of Sweeney Cooperage, making a million barrels a year, is a Jekyll and Hyde character, for his business depends on hard work rather than ballyhoo. His father, Michael Sweeney, was a Newfoundlander who went West in 1889, when

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WOLSEY HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

Leo was three, and before he was sixteen, the boy was an expert in the difficult art of coopering by hand. He built up his father's business in Victoria and Vancouver until it is now the biggest mill of its type in the British Empire, in spite of the lamentable tendency of brewers, ice-cream manufacturers, nail-makers and fish-packers to use other kinds of containers. Sweeney has travelled a million miles in 25 countries to persuade New Zealanders, South Americans, and Barbados planters to use barrels, and has now got his blue eyes on the inhabitants of Fiji and Formosa. This winter, probably, they will get the Sweeney treatment; and they will also get a lecture on British Columbia and sincere commiseration if they cannot at once emigrate. Today, countless thousands of South Sea Islanders believe that Western Canada is inhabited by smiling, energetic people in straw hats who do a sort of perpetual old-time vaudeville act.

When Sweeney was in a train smash involving the special train of Governor Thomas E. Dewey, he felt that his family in Vancouver might feel some anxiety. His telegram was typical. "Unhurt," he wired. "Had nice chat with Governor Dewey. Told him all about Vancouver. Love."

Vancouver acknowledged its debt to him by making him the boss of its Jubilee celebrations; it had previously done him a major honor by taking his name into the language. "To do a Sweeney" is to be unduly optimistic, and there is only one "Leo" in the city's headlines. The scrap-books he keeps are devoted to the city rather than himself.

He takes it upon himself to telegraph, lengthily and angrily, when any American shows ignorance of Canada's weather. His feud with James Melton, the singer, was a classic. Melton had announced on the air he was going to Vancouver "where it's usually forty below zero." Sweeney promised sunshine for his arrival. The singer turned up in woollen underclothes, a fur coat, and an umbrella. It rained steadily, but Sweeney had got his headlines right across the United States.

The Pope's honor for Sweeney was perhaps in recognition of the Sweeneys' record as parents. He is now dwarfed by his five sons, Bill, Frank, Jack, Ed and Leo Junior. He has three daughters, whose ages range from 19 to 31, and though some have moved out of the Delectable Province, the majority have been hypnotized into staying home by a lifetime of his propaganda. The President has an astonishing record of long service and loyalty to his firm; several employees have worked for him over 20 years, and his hundred-odd workers have nearly 1,000 years of service among them.

At the age of 67, the control of the business and a prominent position in the city might seem enough, but Leo Sweeney is now more than ever intent on putting Canadians to rights on their attitude to tourists, whom he appears to regard as a commodity just like barrel-staves. The alarming truth is that Sweeney is probably right in his evaluation of the tourist industry. He even admires the exuberance of Texans, and makes the terrifying proposal that Canadians should be as boastful.

"Tourists are never happy until they spend all their money and can go home broke," he says. "Who ever heard of a man saying 'I had a wonderful time — spent no money?' A Texan, now, he's dying on the streets from the heat, but with his last gasp he's got something to say—he's plugging Texas. We must get the tourists before they can spend their money anywhere else. I told them in New Zealand they should let people stop off at Honolulu, but no more than overnight. In 1952, Canada got fewer tourists from the U.S.A. than Canadians who went down to the States, and that means ten times more money spent per capita by Canadians."

But Sweeney's most desperate advice is that Canadians should sing. Since there is never any doubt, in London or Paris or the Caribbean or even the Antipodes, that he is a Canadian, he feels that every one of his countrymen should similarly proclaim themselves. "The New Yorkers sing *Sidewalks of New York*, and you often hear *California Here I Come* and *The Eyes of Texas Are upon You*. Well, then! All Canadians should sing *Alouette* whenever and wherever possible, and as loudly as possible . . ."

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A YOUNG WOMAN strolled into a shabby gipsy tearoom on the misnamed Avenue of the Americas in Manhattan, and spread her hands before a snooded hag who had just finished her drop of lunch. The hag told her the future was bright with a stereotyped Galahad and a fortune from an asthmatic aunt in Nova Scotia. The young woman crossed the harpy's furrowed palm with silver, the fortune-teller beamed and was promptly plastered with a pinch. Fine: $50.

Under amendments to the Criminal Code, the fine can be $500 for the same misdemeanor in Canada. But the cops can no more stop tea-leaf readings, card forecasts or similar divinations than they can check prowlers in dark alleys.

When the Delphic Oracle was young, the sibyl was old. The crystal ball keeps rolling from time's known beginning to its unknown end. Alexander of Macedon, bellyaching that he had no more worlds to conquer, couldn't conquer his own curiosity about his future any more than the shirt-waisted seamstress, slipping four bits to any dehydrated old doll set up in the soothsaying racket, can stop wondering where next month's rent is coming from.

Most sumptuous of shrines where the veil of the future was rent to tatters at so much a rip was operated by a scion of two Presidents, Evangeline Adams. She had iridescent globes big enough to bounce off Mount Ararat. Her establishment, overlooking Central Park, had Zodiac signs and galaxies painted on ceilings and walls. Its sixty-foot front cost a thousand bucks a foot in rob-rental. Her layout would have made Phineas Barnum amend his arithmetic to at least two born every minute. Evangeline, a cagey dame with a glittering eye, would send a horoscope to anybody c.o.d. Her clients ranged from Park Avenue dowagers with daughters on the auction block to two-timing glamour gals suspecting sugar-daddies of the same idiosyncrasy.

WHEN YOU chuckle at Hitler having a court astrologer with an admirable talent for telling the biggest lies to the Biggest Liar, ponder that on Washington news-stands there were once eleven (now there are four) monthly trade organs of hocus-pocus. In these you may learn at ten cents a copy, or maybe twenty-five since the cost of newsprint advanced, that if you were born on a dog day under the sign of Leo you will surely hook a fourteen-point profit in Pittsburgh Banana Plantations, Inc., or marry a Rockefeller relative or become a widow or widower—sex may differ but the fee remains static.

Harry Houdini, the celebrated escape artist born Erich Weiss in Appleton, Wis., made a *tour de force* against pedlars of occult previews. Houdini could be manacled and gagged, dumped in a packing case strapped by steel bands, tossed into New York Bay from a ferryboat and emerge smiling grimly within ten minutes. He knew about tricks. And, as he often told me, there's nothing physical that cannot be explained, although he never lived to explain why he permitted a McGill University student to sock him in the diaphragm and break his appendix, which caused the great virtuoso of reappearance to disappear forever. He died in Montreal. But he blew the star-gazing racket sky-high with a master de-bunk.

Houdini sent a young woman's exact birthday details to a baker's dozen of astrologers. They require that data for prognosis. All returned horoscopes outlining ambrosial prospects for the subject. Not one of the prophets searching ahead could look back long enough to observe that the young woman was already dead.

True, commercial as well as amateur forecasters have a mathematical trait; they can tag some sort of dossier on a suppliant and have sufficient psychology to deduce character from facial imprints and mannerisms. Coupled with their acute catechizing, the art loses complexity to say nothing of mystery.

As diversion, the art has merit—for those easily amused or bemused. As science, it is fraud. The simple rule is that the rosiest day-dreams and the ugliest nightmares have this in common: neither ever comes true.

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Books

A Scaly and Shiftless Lot

DURING THE RECENT prime ministerial election tour of Canada I came across a truly unforgettable tableau. Entering the lobby of the dignified Empress Hotel at the tea-hour, I came suddenly on a familiar figure, quietly scoffing a crumpet and tea, his foot tapping to the stately cadences of William Tickle and his Chamber Ensemble.

I stopped in my tracks, thunderstruck. "Could it be . . . ", I faltered. "No—it *could not* be . . . James Y. Nicol of the Toronto *Star*."

Mr. Nicol (alas his furtive secret was out) blanched perceptibly, then leaped from his seat.

"Good God, boy," he exclaimed. "Not a word of this to the Press Club." He mopped his head nervously. "My reputation is at stake."

I raised my hand in a solemn oath. Mr. Nicol, 2,500 miles from home and a clear victim of Victoria's tropic recklessness, had blotted his copybook. It was a matter of honor.

"Please," he repeated, "not a word of this to the boys."

Mr. Nicol had cause for concern. For, as anyone who has read *The Front Page* knows, newspapermen don't drink tea. A generation of Hildy Johnsons, inspired by Ben Hecht's deathless poetry, have dedicated themselves to the proposition that all newspapermen are not only drunkards, but plagiarists, illiterates, lechers, cheats and wife-beaters.

It's a long time between newspaper novels, but in recent weeks we have had two, both underlining and corroborating this delightful catalogue of journalistic behavior. One is by a Denver newspaperman, writing under the pseudonym "Jack Willard". The other is by Dick Diespecker, currently employed as a promotion man for the *Vancouver Province*, but even better known as a poet (*Between Two Furious Oceans*), radio dramatist and newscaster.

While written from opposite sides of "the line," these novels have certain endearing qualities in common. Each agrees that newspapermen, by and large, are a scaly and shiftless lot. Each is conceived in bitterness—as no work of art has been since Jack Dempsey hung his incomparable haymaker on the chops of Luis Angel Firpo. And each is fast, entertaining reading.

Of the two, *The Wire God* is the more spirited and incisive work. In it, Mr. Willard tees off on a peculiar and hitherto unexplored subdivision of journalistic endeavor, the international news-wire services; those scurrying figures you see at the book-stalls are doubtless Mr. Gillis Purcell of Toronto and Mr. Phil Curran, of Montreal, rapidly confiscating every available copy.

Mr. Willard dedicates his story "to Freedom of the Press, Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny," which we may safely assume to be the three great myths of our time. Inevitably, the book will be compared to *What Makes Sammy Run?* Mr. Willard's hero—if you can call him that—is George McCord, a moronic Morse operator who, through the exercise of the classic journalistic attributes (duplicity, amorality, greed, etc.) rises to become president of the far-flung World Press news agency.

A virgin at 24, George seduced, or is seduced by, an amenable waitress named Minnie. When Minnie becomes pregnant, and demands (a) a wedding ring or (b) $100 for an abortion, George is momentarily contrite, and writes out a check for $200. Then his nobility gets the upper hand, he tears up the check, and skips town by a fast freight.

This takes him to Austin, Texas, and a job operating a mimeograph machine in a legislative press room. In no time at all he learns how to steal other reporters' copy, append his name to it, and get himself promoted to the Dallas bureau.

Onward and upward. In Dallas, after he has planted bottles of liquor around the inert form of a colleague, and got him fired (the man promptly commits suicide) George meets regional executive Miller Kerns, who takes him on as a business assistant. Shortly thereafter George steals Kerns' revolutionary plan for radio news dissemination, is beaten up for his treachery, but consoles himself with thoughts of several really astonishing nights in bed with Kerns' nymphomaniac wife.

So to head office in New York and abroad, where he inadvertently scoops the world on the Nazi invasion of Denmark, and manages to bed down with divers houris, all of them tall, blonde and exotic. In a drunken interlude in Washington, DC, he meets an old and resolutely alcoholic girl friend, learns (after two weeks of faithful journalistic research) that she is, indeed, oil-rich, and proposes:

"They had a drink and undressed. When they were in bed and in each other's arms, McCord pressed tightly against her and with great formality and the proper amount of shyness asked her to be his bride."

FOR A harrowing moment, near the end, it looks as if old man Hoskins, boss of World Press, has discovered the truth about his bright young assistant, George McCord. "You're a fake," he screams, "a complete and utter fake. You are fired. You miserable—little—"

Then he topples over with a heart attack. "My medicine . . .", he gasps. "Get . . ."

George calmly lights a cigarette, a sneer curling his lip (shades of Bill Gargan!). Then he telephones the

Times to advise them that he'll be acting general manager, just in case.

("Why, sure, son, that's just right," the board chairman tells him. "We'll just let it stand that way. We'll have a Board meeting tomorrow." He chuckled like a grandfather bringing candy out of hiding. "I can't promise you anything, of course, but maybe we can make another announcement in a couple of days.")

Well, Mr. Diespecker's hero, Stoney Martin, is neither as dramatic, nor as interesting, as George McCord, nor does he rise to such an exalted state. In fact, Stoney is a cloudy sort of character, perhaps because he seems to live in a state of perpetual hangover and resultant remorse.

Unlike McCord, however, Martin writes lucid, readable copy and whatever small success he enjoys is properly his. The big difference, I guess, is that Stoney hasn't George's imagination. McCord walks out on the woman he has made pregnant; Stoney is tortured by a pregnancy which turns out, after all, not to be a pregnancy.

Mr. Diespecker is on decidedly shaky legal ground when he asks us to believe that the wicked Susan could mulct Stoney of virtually all his miserable salary (this was in the depression, or pre-Guild, days), walk out on him, and prevent him from getting a divorce. Perhaps Dick is insidiously suggesting that here is a journalist of honor. As a practising member of the craft, he should know better.

The fact is that both of these novels have upset me. I have taken to wondering what's wrong with my own city room, where I work with a news editor who voluntarily submits each Saturday (for shame!) a church-news column; a telegraph editor who spends his spare time teaching kiddies how to skate; an editorial writer, father of four, who is building a home for them after hours with his own two hands; a columnist who is on the board of his local PTA; and a sports editor who devotes about two months each year to promoting a benefit for crippled children.

I realize that I should never reveal these shameful facts. But I know the boys in New York, in Ottawa, in Montreal and in Toronto will forgive me. "Ah, well," they will say, "Victoria . . ."

STUART KEATE

THE WIRE GOD—by Jack Willard—Doubleday—$4.50.

REBOUND—by Dick Diespecker—pp. 224—Harlequin Books—35 cents.

In Brief

THE LEGENDARY MIZNERS—by Alva Johnston—pp. 304, with illustrations by Reginald Marsh—Ambassador—$4.50.

The story of Wilson and Addison Mizner appeared first as a series of articles in the *New Yorker;* it attracted wide attention then, and it is even more interesting in this complete form. Some readers will wonder, however, why Mr. Johnston wrote of these men in terms of admiration, rueful though that admiration sometimes is. Wilson Mizner was not a first-rate wit; he was a crook with a talent for elaborate insult. Addison Mizner appears to have been a confidence man, imperfectly disguised as an architect. Neither had any stature either as a rogue or a man of the world, and to read so much about them, expressed in such terms, makes one wonder what Mr. Johnston thought he was getting at. But the skill of the book is unquestionable, and the material strange and fascinating, even when repulsive.

CALL ME LUCKY—by Bing Crosby—pp. 333, index and illustrations—Musson—$4.00 and in paper at $1.25.

With elaborate casualness Mr. Crosby, or a capable ghost, tells this story of his rise to success and affluence. As the title suggests, the singing star insists that luck, rather than talent and business acumen, has put him where he is; this should do much to sell the book, for people who have not achieved any special success are great believers in the luck of those who have done so. There can be few autobiographies in which modesty has been carried to such lengths. As he lays it down, the reader has the sensation of one who has eaten a couple of pounds of cotton-wool candy.

OUR TIMES—a Social History by Vivian Ogilvie—pp. 219, index and illustrations—Clarke, Irwin—$5.00.

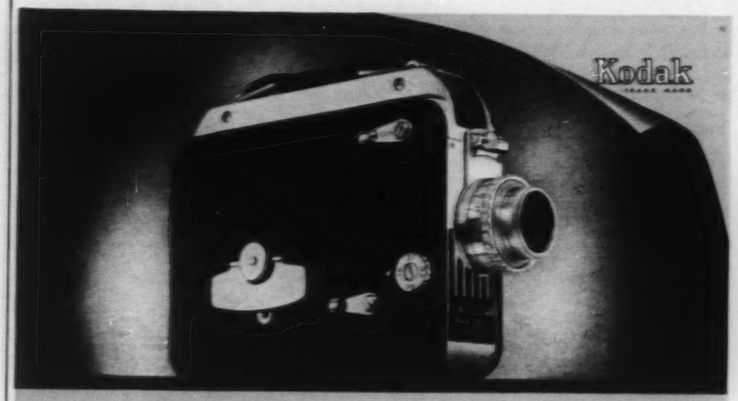
No one will quarrel with Mr. Ogilvie's belief that the changes in daily life since 1914 have been at least as great as those in the forty years which followed the French Revolution. He has followed these changes faithfully, but perhaps for fear of boring us he compressed his material too severely; here, for a change, is a book which could with advantage have run to another 100 pages. But it is a good and interesting book in spite of this severe compression, and the illustrations are excellent, though disquieting. Did people, within living memory, look as dreadful as that? Yes, they did indeed, and it is good for us to find out why.

MR. CANTONWINE—by Lionel Barrymore—pp. 218—McClelland & Stewart—$3.25.

Mr. Barrymore, professionally and recognizably an actor, has in his time dabbled in painting and music, and has now turned his hand to writing. He calls this pretentious piece "a moral tale", but the only moral which it suggested to this reader is that the shoemaker should stick to his last, and the actor to repeating what professional writers have put into his mouth. It is a tale of the American frontier, with the obligatory ingredients of piety and lust which are found in such pieces, and is distinguished only for some of the most rickety and gimcrack prose written within the past five years.

LADY ELEANOR SMITH—a memoir by Lord Birkenhead—pp. 169, index and illustrations—McGraw-Hill—$3.25.

This is a sympathetic but sufficiently objective account of the life of an eccentric lady, written by her brother. Lady Eleanor Smith was what may kindly be called a romantic; she liked gypsies, Spaniards and the circus, and she invented reasons for believing that she really belonged to those interesting spheres of life, making herself rather silly by so doing. But she



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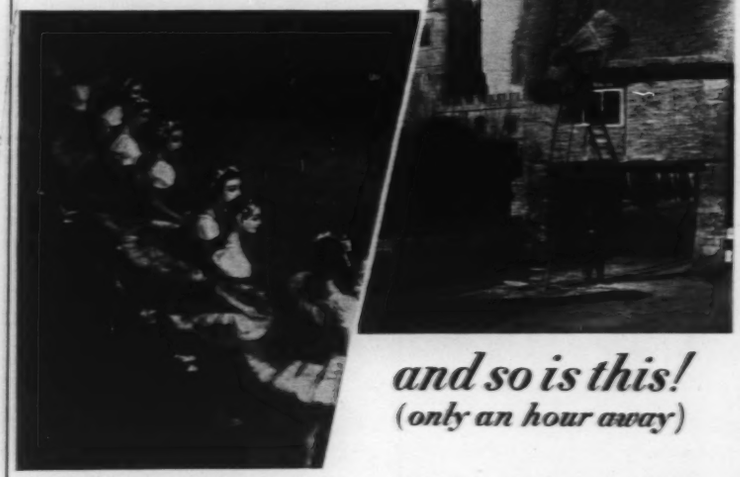

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For a holiday of contrasts

Come to Britain

was a loyal, mettlesome, impetuous person, and her brother has understandably stressed this attractive side of her perpetually adolescent nature. He has done a difficult job well, and the result is an interesting book.

THE THOMAS COOK STORY—by John Pudney —pp. 249, illustrations and index—*Michael Joseph*—$5.50.

The enthusiasm for total abstinence has had many curious by-products, but none stranger than the begetting of Thomas Cook's great travel agency, which began with a temperance jaunt in 1838. This carefully documented, interesting book traces the rise of the great firm, and explains its foundation upon the Victorian virtues of thoroughness and thrift. It is curious that the first Cook never learned any language but his native English, though he knew the details of travel everywhere in the world. Like all great successes, the Cook company had its enemies and detractors, but it became famous in peace and vitally important in war, and has now been nationalized. John Pudney tells the story so well that it may be taken as a footnote to modern history.

THE OLIVIERS—by Felix Barker—pp. 306, index and illustrations—*Hamish Hamilton* —$3.75.

The writer of a book about two players as popular, handsome and romantic as Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh is not upon oath, and must be forgiven if his tone of tremulous admiration sometimes comes near to mawkishness. Nor need anyone be surprised if events which they remember perfectly well emerge in this book with sharply altered emphasis. Books written about actors while they live are either adulatory or condemnatory; this belongs in the first class, and in that class it is a discreet, workmanlike job.

IN MY SOLITARY LIFE—by Augustus Hare, edited by *Malcolm Barnes*—*Nelson*—pp. 306 and illustrations—$5.00.

An excellent summary of the last three volumes of Hare's long autobiography, this is a companion volume to *The Years with Mother*, reviewed in these columns six months ago. Like its predecessor, this is an absorbing and admirable picture of upper class life in Britain and on the continent in the Victorian era. Hare was insatiably and intelligently curious, and like many bachelors he was the recipient of many confidences. As tutor to the Crown Prince of Sweden (later Gustav V) he had unusual chances to study the high life which he loved. And an uncommonly pleasant and admirable life it appears to have been, viewed from the muddle of 1953. Warmly recommended.

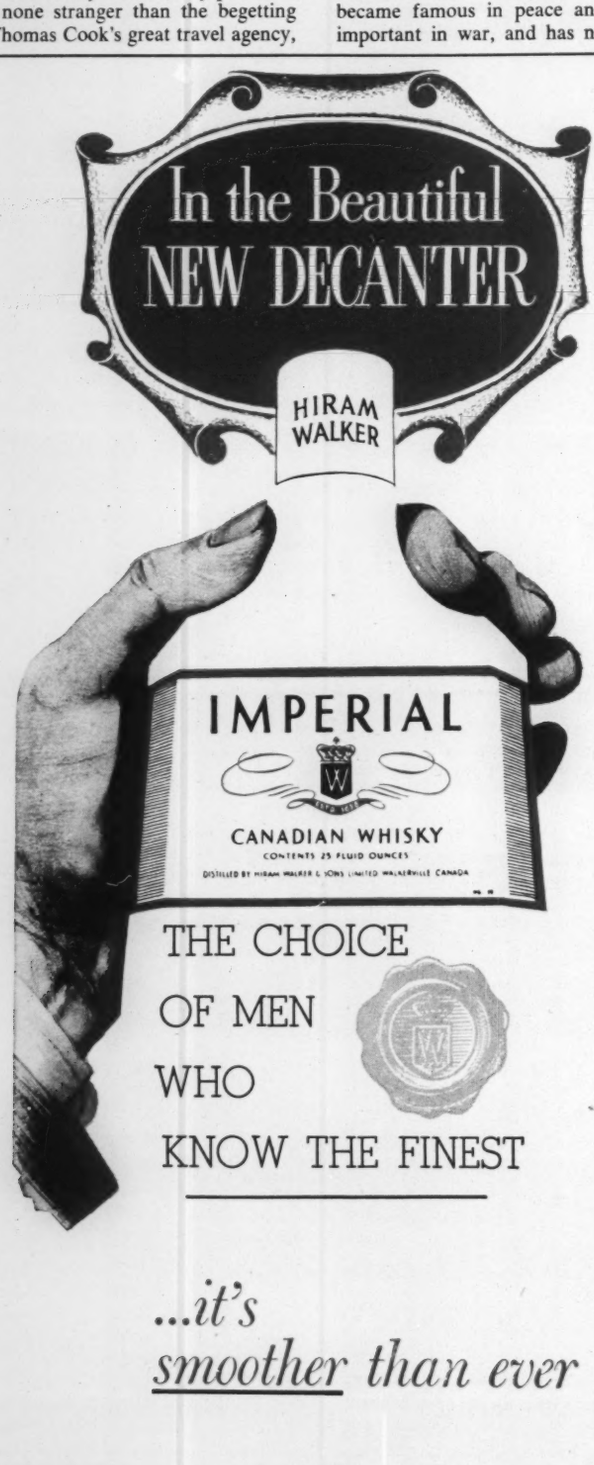
LISTENING TO MUSIC—by Roger Fiske—pp. 63, pictures and musical illustrations—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.00.

Another book on how to enjoy music hardly seems necessary, but this is such a good one that there is a place for it. Dr. Fiske is not writing for the complete novice, or for the man who has to be "sold" music; he addresses himself to the music lover who wants to know more about an art which already gives him pleasure. He gives a great deal of space to musical illustrations which are long enough to be really helpful, and his technical notes on instruments are detailed enough to be interesting.

CHILDREN'S TOYS THROUGHOUT THE AGES —by Leslie Daiken—pp. 197, index and fine illustrations—*Clarke, Irwin*—$6.00.

The remarkable thing about toys is that they have changed so little in 2500 years. Mr. Daiken, in a book which is a worthy companion volume to his beautiful and delightful *Children's Games*, shows us the same toys again and again, adapted to the needs and beliefs of succeeding ages. Educationists who think that "educational toys" are a thing of our time will be humbled by the book; philosophers who take pleasure in the essential sameness of human nature in all ages, and the unceasing freshness of childhood, will be delighted with it. Collectors, of course, will love it, and so will the general reader. The illustrations are particularly fine.

B. E. N.



Chess Problem

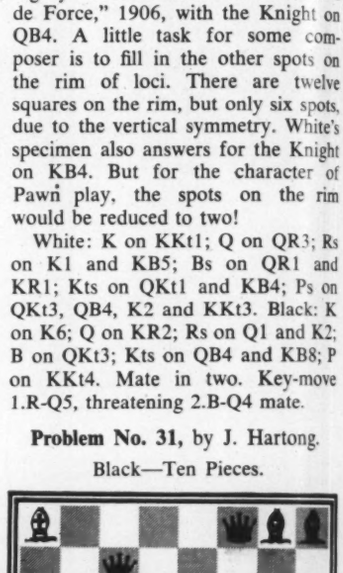
JUST AS THE PICKANINNY theme signifies the maximum play of a single of a black Pawn in a two-mover, so the Knight tour or wheel denotes the maximum for the black Knight. Placed on any of the sixteen squares of the central block of the board, the Knight has the power to move to any of eight squares—the complete wheel, for which eight different mates must be provided.

Nearly all Knight wheels have the Knight placed within the central block of four squares. Looking for an exception, we discovered the following by Alain White in his "Les Tours de Force," 1906, with the Knight on QB4. A little task for some composer is to fill in the other spots on the rim of loci. There are twelve squares on the rim, but only six spots, due to the vertical symmetry. White's specimen also answers for the Knight on KB4. But for the character of Pawn play, the spots on the rim would be reduced to two!

White: K on KKt1; Q on QR3; Rs on K1 and KB5; Bs on QR1 and KR1; Kts on QKt1 and KB4; Ps on QKt3, QB4, K2 and KKt3. Black: K on K6; Q on KR2; Rs on Q1 and K2; B on QKt3; Kts on QB4 and KB8; P on KKt4. Mate in two. Key-move 1.R-Q5, threatening 2.B-Q4 mate.

Problem No. 31, by J. Hartong.

Black—Ten Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Our No. 31 is a noted Good Companions problem. While it just falls short of being a complete wheel, the seven variations are all self-interferences.

In G. Heathcote's complete wheel, first prize, Hampstead Express, 1905, no move of the Knight leads to its capture. It remains the classic example:

White: K on KKt8; Q on KR7; Rs on QB1 and K7; Bs on QR2 and QKt2; Kts on QR4 and QKt7; Ps on QKt3 and KKt7. Black: K on Q4; Q on KR8; Rs on QR4 and KR4; Bs on Q8 and KKt8; Kt on Q5; Ps on QR2, QR3, K6 and KR7. Mate in two. Key-move 1.QR-B7, threatening 2.Kt-B3 mate.

Solution of Problem No. 30.

Key-move 1.Kt-Q4, threatening 2.Kt-QB3 mate. If KxKt; 2.B-B6 mate. If QxKt; 2.Q-Kt2 mate. If BxKt; 2.B-B5 mate. If Q-Kt6; 2.Kt-KB6 mate.

The first two variations present model mates.

"CENTAUR."

Music

An Energetic and Supple Master

ONE OF THE MANY advantages of L.P records is the attention they have directed to the minor composers. But when we do attend to them, we find that some of them are by no means as minor as we thought they were.

This struck me very strongly the other day when the Virtuosi di Roma, the famous Italian chamber orchestra, was playing some Vivaldi concertos. (I hope that Dr. Boyd Neel's appointment to the University will result in some really first rate performances of Vivaldi in Toronto by the small orchestra for which the music is written. It is a pleasure to hear more of the composer whom the great Bach delighted to study for his mastery of form and for his singular grace and affability of melody.)

Vivaldi himself must have been a man of eclectic tastes, for he travelled widely to the principal Italian musical centres and no doubt got as good as he gave. He was a priest; he was known, in fact, as *il prete rosso*, the red-haired priest, and for most of his life he worked at an institution in Venice for destitute, orphaned, illegitimate, and otherwise unwanted girls. It was called the *Ospedale della Pieta*, and Vivaldi spent 36 years there, until the year before he died in 1741.

The musical directorship of an Academy for Young Ladies does not sound a very inspiring place for writing great music, yet we ought not to forget that Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* was written for a girls' school, and in our own day, Gustav Holst lived and worked for many years as the musical director of St. Paul's Girls' School, while the great Bach spent many years in charge of the music at a choirboys' school.

Vivaldi seems to have managed his orphan musicians very well. Charles de Brosses, writing from Venice just before Vivaldi died, said: "Where I go most often and enjoy myself most is the *Ospedale della Pieta*. It ranks first for the performance of its symphonies. What well drilled execution! That is the only place to hear a first attack from the strings such as, quite undeservedly, the Paris opera is renowned for."

There is a story that Vivaldi was suspended from his priestly functions for leaving the altar in the middle of saying Mass to jot down a musical idea which had suddenly occurred to him. There is no evidence for this, however, and Vivaldi was very well thought of at the Institution. Apparently he gave up saying Mass because of ill health. In letters Vivaldi explains that his bad-health, the haemorrhages he suffers from his chest, and the pain he endures prevent him from so much as leaving his house before dinner, and in any case from moving about on foot.

This being so, it is remarkable tnat he should have got about the country as much as he did, especially as he was required to keep up a considerable output of original music. During one journey, for instance, it was noted that Vivaldi should send in two concertos a month, to be mailed at his own expense. He was also called upon for two motets a month, besides miscellaneous Masses and vespers. In spite of his bad health, and what seems to have been monstrous overwork, he lived to the age of 66. The imagination recoils from the contemplation of Vivaldi's possible output if his health had not been bad.

But mere output is not enough. Vivaldi's position in music does not rest on quantity, nor even on some special historical importance. There are very few people (I am not one of them) who can listen at any length to a piece of music, while getting their sole enjoyment from considering that the music, bad as it may be, is years ahead of its time. Vivaldi is no such musical curiosity, although certainly he does have an important historical place. It is he who bridges the gap between the old concerto grosso, and the classical solo concerto; it is he who first begins to use the orchestra as it was taken up by Haydn and Mozart.

BUT HE IS NOT worth playing today because of this. It is rather because his music is full of fire and distinction. He is a master at delivering a musical epigram, smoothly expanding it into a sentence, and then allowing the sentence to flow gracefully into a vivacious and energetic paragraph. This, of course, is a quality shared by Mozart, but there are few other composers who can successfully adjudicate between the claims of the epigram and of the chapter, so to speak. To do so, requires an accurate sense of pace and timing, which is, in any case, the essence of classical form (which is the art of establishing and maintaining a sense of pace). It also requires the ability to recognize and make use of what we might call musical burrs — little fragments of music that cling irresistibly. Every musical library contains shelves full of admirably written early eighteenth century music that contains no musical burrs whatsoever, that runs charmingly in at one ear and out at the other, and which, for all its organization, produces no more of an experi-

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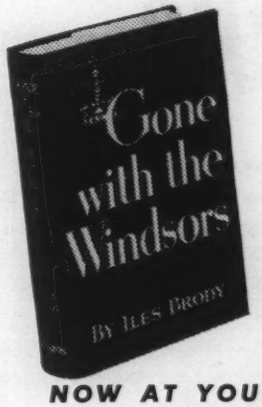

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A factual report of events about the greatest love story of our generation. Incidents which will enlighten Canadians to happenings we were not aware of about King Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson.

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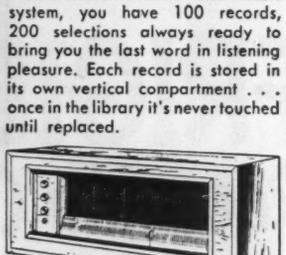

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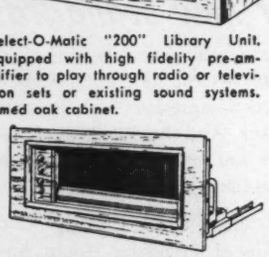

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ence than the pleasant unorganized murmur of sounds in the country.

Vivaldi is not of this number. He wrote numerous concertos for violin, for cello, for oboe, for bassoon, for flute, and for various combinations of these instruments. He even wrote a concerto for mandolin. He also wrote a great deal of vocal music, most of which was apparently very unpopular during his lifetime. Tartini reports that Vivaldi was hissed whenever he attempted vocal music. Personally, I have only heard one vocal composition by Vivaldi, and that was a splendid, dignified and passionate aria in a minor key which Miss Louise Roy sang some years ago. I hope she still has this piece in her repertoire, and that she will make an effort to recover some more dramatic arias from this energetic and supple master, whose art so often has the qualities described by John Denham in his verses on the River Thames:

Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

LISTER SINCLAIR

•

The Sentient Heart

I cannot reach the music of machines
As I can grasp the rainbow and the rose.
Perhaps I do not know what music means,
Nor understand the beds where beauty grows.

It may well be that I am deaf and blind
To the great feats of alloy and cement.
It may well be that I was left behind
To fathom in the darkness what they meant.

But can *you* find the sky in silent wires
Or weave the waves into a well oiled wheel?
Or lend the fury of the forest fires
The blow-torch flame that bends a growing keel?

Each one of us attempts what he admires.
Come, let us, for a change, try what we feel.

ANTHONY FRISCH

•

Beech Tree in October

This beech-tree issues
New minted specie,
Thin, beaten gold,
Clear patterned pieces
Stamped by sharp-fretted die.

They shall be stored within the vault
Of memory,
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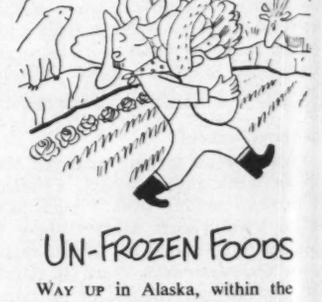


UN-FROZEN FOODS

WAY UP in Alaska, within the Arctic Circle, one 70-year-old gardener has found how to get his full quota of home-grown vegetable vitamins. He works gardening wonders by "trapping" the brief summer sun with reflecting aluminum foil barriers, set up behind his vegetables.

This Arctic application takes a leaf out of the book of modern builders and others who make use of aluminum's remarkable reflecting and insulating properties. Demand for Canadian aluminum in foil, sheet, rod, tube and other forms today totals one billion pounds a year. When Alcan completes its present expansion programs, supply will be further increased. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

They Say:

Nanton (Alta.) News: It's getting to be a bit quaint to be normal and average and ordinary. There's that fellow called the Common Man; but who ever admits to being a common man? Besides the bookish fellows won't let you be normal, average, the man on the street. The psychology experts insist that you are a product of repressions and oppressions exerted in your childhood and that you simply bristle with aggressions . . .

Dear to goodness. Who would admit to being a normal human being? A mere human, who snaps in the morning because he's hungry or because she didn't get enough sleep the night before; an inconsiderable person who worries about his income tax and not too much about the cold war and sometimes tells himself that he should be more concerned about it; a snuffling individual whose depression comes not from hayfever caused by anxieties, but from a cold in the head.

New York Herald Tribune: Denial of a visa by South Africa to Pancho Segura, the tennis player, seems to represent a new extreme in the application of that country's racist intransigeance . . . The refusal of the visa is all the more shocking in view of the fact that Mr. Segura, who was born in Ecuador and educated in Florida, has never encountered any sort of racial discrimination previously. South Africa may have the right to order its internal affairs as it sees fit, but it can hardly expect others to look on undisturbed as it seizes one opportunity after another to demonstrate its distaste for human progress.

Edmonton Journal: A rather alarming view of the astronomical future is presented by Dr. Albert G. Wilson of the Mount Palomar observatory in California.

In addition to speculating on the possibility of the earth crashing into an asteroid in the wrong traffic lane —he estimates this may happen once every 2,000,000 years or so—Dr. Wilson has grave doubts as to the permanence of the moon. He calculates that in the course of time it will draw closer and closer to the earth, until finally the gravity of our planet disintegrates it, and the fragments shower down upon our heads.

This is an unhappy prospect indeed. Few things could be more upsetting than to have a large chunk of the moon come unexpectedly through the roof. Fortunately, the catastrophe is not exactly what one would call imminent: it is scheduled for about 100,000,000,000 years from now.

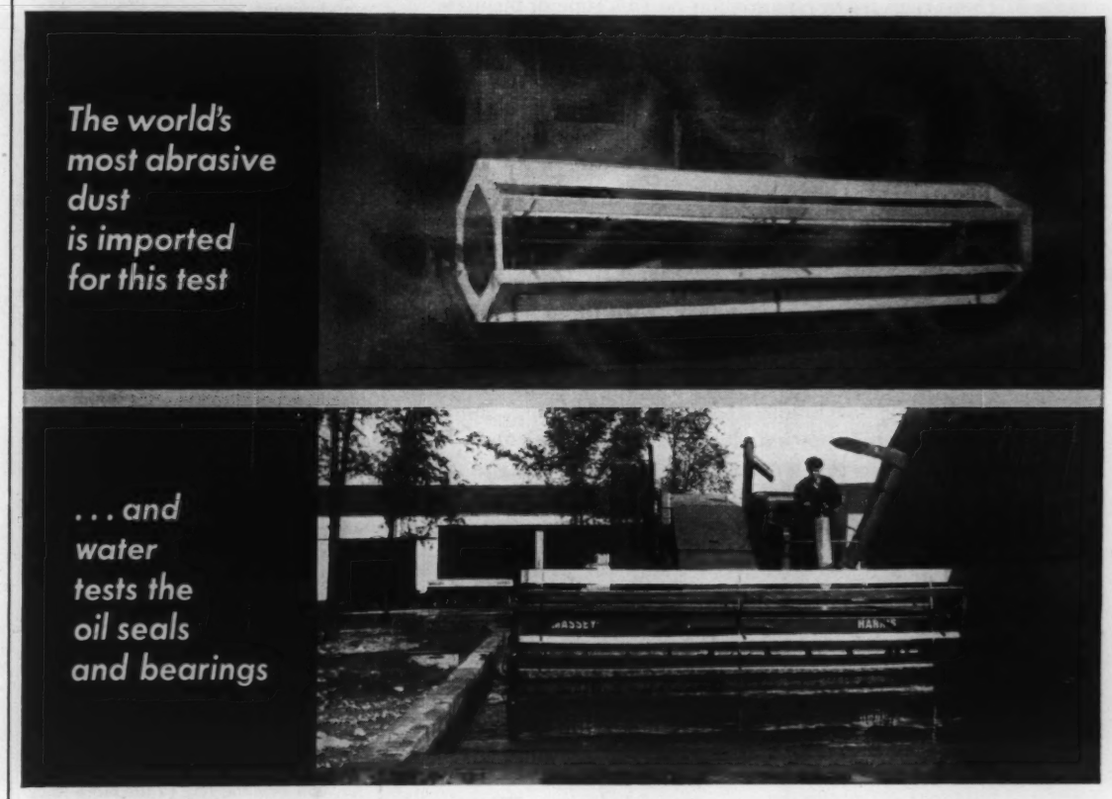
There is another factor which should reduce the general worry on this score. Some astronomers believe that long before 100,000,000,000 A.D. the sun will explode, and any subsequent misbehavior by the moon will be purely academic.

Kansas City Star: A fanciful question of childhood—"Who would you be if you could be anybody in the world?"—became a real-life problem for Mrs. Dorothy McWilliams at the age of thirty-five. This Texan mother of two sons was disfigured in the tornado that hit her home city two months ago. Plastic surgeons told her that they could remold her features so that she could look just as she pleased. So, whose face did the lady suggest to the doctors for modelling purposes? Was it Marilyn Monroe's, Lana Turner's or Betty Grable's? The lady spurned all these popular symbols of glamor and pulchritude. She chose her own original countenance. Mrs. McWilliams is described in the press report as attractive. But even if she weren't, the human thing would be for her to prefer getting her own face back. No matter how a person may look, he gets used to it after a while.

Ottawa Journal: We have been reading in the paper about a chap being bitten on the ankle by a power mower. The machine had become stuck in long grass or on a boulder or something, and when its operator released it, the mower turned on him and sent him to hospital for repairs.

This is just another instance of what is known as the total depravity of inanimate things . . .

The chap assaulted by his power mower has not been singled out for special treatment. His new gadget has just that touch of malevolence we find in the rake, the garden hose, the step-ladder, the hammer that would rather nick a thumb than a tack any day of the week. It is a worsening situation that perhaps should be taken up by the UN Commission on Human Rights.



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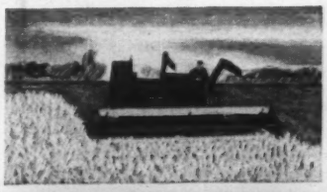
Ever waded through a "rice paddy"? In many tropical countries, operating conditions call for farm implements to stand the gaff of continuous exposure to damp, rust, heavy rainfalls and mud. That's why tests like the "Water Bath" are important. They're another reason why farmers in 106 countries will *continue* to buy Canadian-made Massey-Harris equipment.



MASSEY-HARRIS

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The top photograph gives you an idea of the torturing "Dust Tunnel Test". Here, implements are operated in a swirling, man-made dust storm. The wear, in hours, is equivalent to years of field service. And just ordinary dust won't do—Massey-Harris engineers insist on importing the most abrasive dust known, from Arizona.

The lower picture shows the special "Water Bath" built at the Test Track to furnish exact engineering data on the ability of our machines to withstand the ravages of weather. Many other test facilities include the "Belgian Block" road, roughest paving ever laid—steep gradients and hairpin turns —and a special "obstacle course" simulating the worst kind of broken terrain.

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As investment dealers we have a department that specializes in buying and selling bonds . . . we call it the bond trading department. Our traders maintain direct telephone and teletype contact with our own offices as well as with other investment dealers across the country. In varying degree other dealers maintain similar departments. It is this close and constant "keeping in touch" with those who want to buy and those who want to sell that makes for fair and effective bond trading.

Apart from the mechanics of buying and selling, many people are interested in what determines the level of bond prices. Basically, it is just a matter of supply and demand . . . but there are elements of value which have a bearing. For instance . . . quality, coupon rate, term of investment and the general level of interest rates. The elements of value become translated into price through the activities of the investment industry's bond traders.

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DIVIDEND NO. 130

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Ten Cents per share on the issued capital stock of the Company, will be paid on the fifteenth day of December, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the sixteenth day of November, 1953.

By order of the Board.

G. F. DOGGETT,
Secretary.

Dated at Kirkland Lake, Ontario,
August 29, 1953.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 101

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Forty cents (40c) per Share on Class "A" Shares has been declared for the three months ending 30th September, 1953, payable by cheque dated 15th October, 1953, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on 30th September, 1953.

By Order of the Board,

J. A. BRICE,
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
27th August, 1953.

Sports

Load That Barge—Tote That Bale!

THERE WAS LITTLE or no international applause a couple of weeks ago when the wire services carried the report that a young Canadian, from Vancouver, had established a new world record for weight-lifting. The young gentleman was Douglas Hepburn who hefted a total of 1,030¼ pounds without stripping his gears.

It is a bit saddening to reflect on the fact that Mr. Hepburn established his record in a field which doesn't get much widespread international recognition. Even in Canadian newspapers, Hepburn's feat didn't win him much more space than the report that the Oak Street Tigers had beaten the Kitsilano Pumas, 7-5, in a sandlot fixture.

When Barbara Ann Scott captured the world skating championship, she was a cinch to hit the headlines for the simple reason that she was a nicely-adjusted little chick who was ideally adapted to the rotogravure sections. She was the first international "glamour girl" we had produced since the days of Ethel Catherwood, who was known as "the Saskatoon Lily." Mr. Hepburn isn't nearly as photogenic as Miss Scott and, six months from now, we won't be surprised if only blank stares greet the question: "What Canadian won the weight-lifting championship of the world at Stockholm?"

What disturbs us more than anything else is Mr. Hepburn's own admission that he was "loaded" when he entered the international contest at Stockholm. Mr. Hepburn's testimony is to the effect that, just before he went into the ring to lift more than a half-ton from the floor, he was waylaid by a Soviet agent who gave him a slight shot of something which would be outlawed by the rather stringent rules of The Jockey Club.

"Gee," said Mr. Hepburn, wonderingly, as he accepted the Soviet libation. "This is the first time that anyone has paid any attention to me since I got off the Victoria nightboat."

With which, Mr. Hepburn leaned over and hefted the greatest lift yet recorded in the history of mankind.

Personally, we hate to think that Mr. Hepburn was inspired, in his record-breaking performance, by any foreign fooferaw. As a matter of fact, we're quite sure that the Russian influence was no more pronounced than it was during the great Coffee-Drinking Contest back in St. Boniface during the early Thirties.

We'll never forget that coffee-drinking contest, because it was arranged by our friend, John Verne, who was a sergeant of police in St. Boniface. It was only a few weeks after the contest that Sgt. Verne met his death. He was one of those sergeants who are born to cope with easy-going newspapermen who have a habit of finding temporary sanctuary in the nearest bootlegging establishment. It was a stunning day to all of us when John Verne was killed.

It was on an extremely hot night that someone, having heard of the reputation of Louis St. Cyr, hit upon the idea of staging the coffee contest.

The contest was held in the City Hall chambers of St. Boniface. Our opponent for this epic contest was a "r i n g e r" — a big-time carnival operator who had been imported from the Johnny J. Jones house in the United States. Despite the fact that we knew that the cards were loaded against us, all of us who were friends of Sgt. Verne wagered on Louis St. Cyr.

They went through 20 cups of coffee without a tremor; they went through another 20 cups of coffee and our man was simply jogging while his opponent was beginning to get blue in the face. It was at the 54th cup that it happened:

Our man was working away stolidly on Cup Number 56 when a most peculiar look came over the face of his opponent. Then, without a word, the ringer gave an agonized groan and headed for the gentlemen's powder room.

As we collected our bets, Louis St. Cyr gleefully topped off his performance by eating three large slices of banana-cream pie.

What's the name of the man who won the world weight-lifting championship for Canada? Oh yeah — Douglas Hepburn of Vancouver.

JIM COLEMAN

Business

Brazil's Grim Fight To Save Economy

By JOHN ALIUS

BRAZIL FACES the most critical period of its history with a renovated ministry which must find solutions to the allied problems of a rapidly rising cost of living and serious labor unrest.

The new ministers, who took over from what President Getulio Vargas called an "experimental ministry," are under no delusions. They, and their 52 million compatriots, know Brazil is fighting for its economic existence and that only the most serious measures can save it from national bankruptcy.

President Vargas, a former dictator who was constitutionally elected as successor to General Enrico Gaspar Dutra in 1950, picked the new team after 2½ years of experimentation by the old cabinet were crowned by dismal failure to increase exports and stop inflation. And he has handed a *carte blanche* to the new ministers to do their job as they see fit.

The key men in the new aggregation are Finance Minister Oswaldo Aranha and Labor Minister Joao Goulart. Aranha is an old hand at government; Goulart is a labor leader of many years' experience.

The Finance Minister, a tall, white-thatched diplomat and politician who first came into the public eye in 1930, is a garrulous, rock-jawed individual who minces no words and promises to back away from no problems. In his first declaration to the press, Aranha let the people have the facts in large, bitter doses.

He revealed that Brazil owed one billion U.S. dollars in world markets, a figure which surprised not only Brazil, but financial experts the world over, who had estimated the debt at about $600 million. Aranha said Brazil owed every country with which it trades, with the exception of Argentina and Paraguay.

Half of the total Brazilian debt was on the books of United States exporters, and about another quarter of it was held by the British. There is no exact tabulation of Brazilian debts in Canada, but the figure is estimated at about $10 million (U.S.).

The nation had hardly recovered from this revelation of heavy debt before Aranha gave it another jolt. He told members of the Chamber of Deputies, in an informal discussion, that his predecessor, Horacio Lafer, was away off in his predictions of a balanced budget for 1953. Aranha said the government's income this year—the Brazilian fiscal year extends from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31—would total 32 billion cruzeiros while expenditures would come to 42 billions or more. He added, at the same time, that the government had debts at the beginning of July of about 4½ billion cruzeiros for which it had no ready cash and would probably be forced to print the needed currency without gold backing.

To a nation which in the past five months had seen its cost of living rise 5 per cent, while the index in most other countries was holding relatively steady, the news was a bitter pill. It raised the real fear that another round of inflation would come with the printed money.

Aranha said he still had to do much studying of the situation, but he was certain that whatever measures had to be taken, they could all be roughly summed up in this sentence: "I propose to institute a regime of real austerity."

Aranha, like all Brazilians, has a vast faith in the potential of his country, but he opposes borrowing heavily against future riches, and living high on a bank account so far written only in red ink. He pointed out, for example, that Brazil's policy of living beyond its current means was costing the nation $25 million a month in overcharges. Brazil is a "poor credit risk," he said, and its suppliers, with proper caution, were charging it more than normal prices for their goods.

He gave an example of how he hoped to make the nation conform to its available resources: Brazil has some 200,000 tons of cotton warehoused, bought by the government because the cost of production was so high that the product could not compete in world markets. And while the cotton lies idle in the sheds, Brazil imports thousands of yards of textiles for suiting and other clothes. "If we have lots of cotton," he said, "then we'll have to begin wearing cotton clothes, instead of importing other fabrics."

Aranha was bound to cut imports where possible—but not of materials such as machinery needed to build up the nation's manufacturing potential—and to try to encourage increased production and greater exports.

Among his plans for increased sales abroad is one for the cutting of red tape. He scornfully announced that when he took office, a man wanting to export a single sack of coffee had to walk about 15 miles between government offices, and get 23 documents approved.

Lafer had already tried to balance the nation's trade books by cutting imports. The cuts were a success, on the ledgers, but not so in practice. Exports indeed outweighed imports in the first three months of this year, but industrialists and others throughout the nation cried that the wrong products were being allowed in, and that arbitrary barriers were choking factories.

Lafer, working with the Bank of Brazil and its office of exports and imports, had drawn up a schedule of what were considered essential imports and a calendar listing the dates on which licences for these products would be considered. This meant that a factory requiring radio tubes, for instance, might have to wait four or five months before licences for imports of such tubes would be considered. If the licence was granted, the factory might have to wait several more months before foreign exchange for the tubes was available, and then, several weeks or months more before the shipment arrived. In the meantime, the factory might have been forced to close down.

Industrialists and their employees argued that the system might be good, but only if they had been given about a year's notice so they could have had time to build up their stocks. But that would have cost the nation millions of dollars in exchange which it did not have.

Aranha promised that, after due consideration, he would announce new import regulations. He refused to give the slightest hint of his plans, but it was expected that he would tighten imports even more, and consider licences on their merit, rather than on a calendar basis.

FINANCE MINISTER OSWALDO ARANHA

CANADA'S exports naturally will suffer. Last year, they totalled just over $81 million, including $13 million worth of wheat. This year, Canadian sales in Brazil will do well if they reach $50 million, according to opinion here in Rio.

Particularly affected will be wheat sales. In 1952, wheat shipments from Canada to Brazil totalled 6½ million tons. But now, Brazil has signed an agreement with Argentina under which it will buy as much wheat as possible in that country—at prices higher than the Canadian—in order to get some of Argentina's debt wiped off the books.

Brazilian sales to Canada, like last year, are expected to come to about $35 million, of which $25 million worth will be coffee.

The job of increasing exports falls on Aranha and Goulart. Aranha must find the money to step up industrial-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

Dominion and Provincial
Government Bonds
Municipal Bonds
Public Utility
and
Industrial Financing

Orders accepted for execution on all stock exchanges

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Gold & Dross

Golden Age Mines

CAN YOU GIVE ME *some information on Golden Age Mines Ltd.? I have some shares that I have held for years. Is the company active and are the shares of any value? — E. G., Elstead, England.*

The company, after being inactive for years, was revived in 1951 to explore an asbestos prospect in Beauce County, Quebec. Drilling has been carried out on the property for some time but little data is available as to the results.

However, the company was authorized on July 3 of this year, by the Ontario Securities Commission, to offer to the public 1,835,000 shares remaining in the treasury.

The stock is presently quoted at 30-35 by brokers of unlisted stocks. If the sale of the shares is to be conducted at this level, we doubt whether sufficient funds will be obtained to develop the prospect.

Asbestos is one of the most difficult minerals to evaluate. Diamond drilling does not provide accurate sampling, and the only known method of appraisal is the actual milling of a tonnage of the rock, which involves considerable cost. In our opinion, the prospects of this company are not too bright.

Donohue Brothers

I HOLD *some Donohue Brothers Ltd., stock that I have held for some time. Should I continue to hold or sell?—P G., Toronto.*

As both the company's newsprint production and pulp production are sold under long term contracts, and net profits for the first half of this year show an increase of 27.4 per cent to $337,718, or $1.26 per common share, it appears that the present dividend of $1.20 is secure. As this dividend provides a yield of 8 per cent at the current price of 15, the stock should be held for income.

God's Lakes Gold

WHAT ARE *the prospects of God's Lake Gold Mines? I am thinking of investing in this stock. — M. D. L., Calgary.*

With hopes mainly pinned to the development of the Lynn Lake nickel prospect, this stock, at the present price of 1.04, must be considered a speculation and not an investment.

While work at the property is progressing favorably and several anomalies (magnetic highs that indicate mineralization) have been found by the electro-magnetic survey, only extensive diamond drilling will prove the existence of ore of commercial grade and quantity.

The marketing of a million shares, which is still under way with payment for 250,000 shares at 65 cents due November 13, 1953, has been the principal stimulus of market action in the stock. This distribution of stock has reinforced the cash position of the company by $487,500 so far and will, when completed, provide a total of $650,000. This sum should adequately finance the exploration and development program.

Unless a further financing agreement is made for the 500,000 shares remaining in the treasury, the termination of the outstanding option will result in the removal of a major factor that has helped the stock to advance.

As the stock has climbed from a low of 66 cents to 1.04, further upward movement appears difficult, and it is expected that considerable selling will appear around 1.20. Thus purchase should be deferred until the price retreats to about 80.

Canada Savings Bonds

I NOW HOLD *a considerable amount of Canada Savings Bonds which pay 2¾ per cent. I see that a new 3¾ per cent issue is coming out in October. As I also hold some of the Series 7 bonds, I am wondering if it would be good business to exchange the whole lot for the new issue. What do you advise?—J.R.O., Toronto.*

On the exchange of your older 2¾ per cent bonds, the advantage is self apparent. A gain of 1 per cent in yield is available and the maturity of the holding is lengthened.

On the Series 7 bonds, the point of advantage is a little more complex. The issue has a 3¾ per cent coupon but it is not payable until August 1, 1954. If the bond is sold before this time, interest accrued at a rate of only 2.14 per cent will be paid. If sold October 16, accrued interest on each $100 bond will amount to $1.96. Purchase of the new issue will start interest at 3¾ per cent, which to August 1, 1954 will earn $2.82. The total of this is $4.78, compared to the $3.75 received on the holding of the Series 7 bond.

Thus the switch to the new Series 8 bond carries the advantage of a 28 per cent gain in interest over the same period. As the new issue provides a means of upgrading your entire position, you would be wise to consult your investment dealer as to the placing of advance orders for the switch.

Calder-Bousquet

COULD YOU *give me some information on Calder-Bousquet? Would you advise holding?—Mrs. E. L., North Bay.*

Calder-Bousquet entered the uranium game last March. Three groups of claims were acquired in the Beaver Lodge area. One group adjoins Rix-Athabaska and Goldfields Uranium acreage.

While some favorable drilling news has been reported, we note that only 622,995 shares remain in the

treasury and from recent market action, with volume over 300,000 per day and the price churning actively in a narrow range near 40 cents, it appears that the stock has entered the last phase of distribution. The taking of a fast profit is advised.

Canam Copper

WOULD YOU *consider Canam Copper Co. Ltd. a good bet for speculation at 1.00 per share? What are the prospects?—H. J. V., Saskatoon.*

With copper surpluses beginning to loom up on the horizon (the Chilean Government has been trying to sell 100,000 tons to the U.S. Government stockpile and copper futures are at 25.85 cents for October delivery in New York), a small copper mine does not seem a too attractive speculation.

Even though the estimated 1.5 million tons of 1.5 per cent copper ore reserves are expanded by the exploration program now under way, considerable financing will have to be done to provide a mill and start production on a commercial basis.

Should the price of copper decline further, the costs of mining, milling, transportation and smelting could make profitable production impossible. Until some of factors mentioned are clarified, purchase should be deferred.

Fleetwood Yellowknife

I HAVE BEEN *strongly advised to purchase some Fleetwood Yellowknife Mines at 45 cents by a man who says I will double my money. What are your thoughts on this stock? —T. K. Y., Barrie, Ont.*

Our thoughts are not good. First of all, if it is such a sure thing, it is doubtful if anyone would be inviting you to buy the stock. Secondly, as an unlisted stock, which marks it as an outright speculation to begin with, its market action and possible value cannot be defined or measured.

As the company has just started drilling operations on its claims, which are nearly 100 miles from the town of Yellowknife, its possibilities cannot be estimated.

Pacific Petroleums

COULD YOU EXPLAIN *why Pacific Petroleums Ltd., has dropped so sharply to 6.90?—C. T., Montreal.*

The recent break in the stock is apparently attributable to two factors: heavy American selling, which may possibly be for the purpose of establishing tax losses; and considerable disappointment over the failure of the Federal Power Commission in Washington to authorize the entry of the Westcoast Transmission Line into the Northwestern United States. Hearings are still continuing with both American and Canadian contestants seeking approval to serve this area. Meanwhile, the Commission has authorized the transmission of natural gas from Texas to the Niagara Frontier for use by the Consumers Gas Company of Toronto in the Toronto area. Approval of the Canadian Government, on several points, is still required before this service can be established.

As the overvaluation of this stock has been maintained primarily because the Company controls most of the sources of gas for the proposed Westcoast gas line, these factors have acted to pull the stock down to the line of value of 7.00, forecast in the May 16 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Westcoast line is still an active possibility; horsetrading between Ottawa and Washington may result in both areas being served economically. It appears that the stock is a fair buy under the 7 mark whenever weakness offers the opportunity.

Boreal Rare Minerals

I HAVE SHARES *in Boreal Rare Minerals Ltd. In March, just after listing, the stock went up from 2.50 to 4.00. It has since dropped to 2.45. Do you believe that the stock is a very good hold and can go up within the next year or two past its recent peak?—C.L., Montreal.*

The possibility of this stock staging an advance depends strictly upon the attainment of profitable commercial production of columbium and tantalum. These metals, while classed as rare, are limited in their uses. Columbium, the most used, finds its principal application as a stabilizing agent against certain forms of hot corrosion in stainless steels that must operate under high temperatures, as in aircraft engine exhaust systems. As other stabilizers can be used for this purpose, the market price will be determined by commercial demand. The production and price of stainless steels have both fallen considerably of late.

With all of the stock issued, except for the 500,000 shares reserved for the conversion of 5 per cent 10-year secured notes, there will be little stimulus for the price to rise until some definite results are shown. As production at the mine will not begin until this fall and shipping by water cannot commence until late next spring, it appears that you have a long wait before something positive appears. If you have a profit, I would suggest that you take it.

In Brief

WHAT IS *your opinion of Highland Oils? Would you advise holding or should I take a loss? — A. B., Edmonton.*

Take the loss.

SOME TIME AGO *I purchased Alliance Oils Ltd., at 15 cents. Do you think this company has any future? — P. W. C., Truro, NS.*

The future doesn't look bright.

WOULD YOU *consider British Empire Oil a speculative buy around 50 cents? — H. S. K., Calgary.*

Yes.

WOULD YOU *advise the purchase of Vanalta Oils at the present time? — C. B., Lethbridge.*

Not with the stock offered at 30 cents and no bid.

WOULD YOU ADVISE *the sale of Columbia Lead & Zinc? — A. S. H., Vancouver.*

Yes. W.P.S.

The Right Decision

Sometimes investors are content to take a chance when purchasing a new security.

But usually they wish to be sure beyond reasonable doubt that the security they select is the right one for their needs.

In the latter case, many wise investors consult us. The advice of our organization, with its many years of training and experience in the securities field, is usually invaluable to them in making the right decision.

Our organization is available to assist you at any time.

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GLEN ORCHARD • PHONE PORT CARLING 42

Ashley & Crippen

The above photograph of Miss TOBY ROBINS, Toronto television artist, won the Gilbert Memorial Trophy at the 1953 Convention of the Ontario Society of Photographers. The portrait was taken by Mr. Gerald Campbell of ASHLEY & CRIPPEN studio, Toronto.

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Ashley & Crippen

CHARLES VINT: His example is followed.

Who's Who in Business

GETTING A JOB with the Canadian firm of Colgate-Palmolive Limited is not the easiest task in the world. Insistent on high standards, the company rejects as many as nine out of every ten applicants. But once hired, employees have a habit of staying with the company. Forty-two of the present staff of 1,000 have been with the company for more than 25 years, a further 154 have served more than 15 years. All this is in keeping with the example set by the firm's president, Charles Richard Vint, who this year celebrates his 50th anniversary with the company which first employed him as an office boy.

Silver-haired Charlie Vint is a short, friendly Canadian with a tanned mobile face and few complexes. Because of his careful selective policy and the subsequent trust he is able to place in his staff, the firm runs smoothly almost as a result of what he doesn't do rather than what he does.

Forty years ago a decision was called for when the parent company decided to start manufacturing in Canada. Windsor had been provisionally chosen as the site for the new plant, but the Sarnia-born youngster, who only ten years before had joined the firm as an office boy, said Toronto would be a better location. At any rate, his opinion prevailed, earning him the job of Canadian manager plus the attendant problems which always accompany the establishment of a plant in a new country.

As manager, and subsequently vice-president, he helped build Canada's Colgate-Palmolive Company into its present nation-wide stature as one of Canada's biggest advertisers, among the most diversified producers of toilet goods and cosmetics (more than 30 items) and the world's record holder for industrial safety in the industry with 3,930,000 accident-free hours of operation.

When he celebrated his 50th anniversary with the Company, earlier this year, messages of goodwill from Colgate men in all parts of the world were read to the 1,000 employees and U.S. company executives who took part in the day-long celebrations.

Charlie Vint's promotion to President in 1940 made virtually no change in his regular routine. He continued to rise at 7 a.m. daily (including Sunday), drive his own car, a cream Studebaker, to the office, and to spend his week-ends enjoying golf, lawn bowls or his garden. He plays the piano for relaxation but claims his playing would not relax anyone else.

He has also devoted considerable time to advertising activities as a Director and President of the Bureau of Broadcast Measurement, and as Director and former President of the Bureau's sponsoring body, the Association of Canadian Advertisers.

Almost the only human touches in his airy but austere office are three framed color pictures of his grandchildren (two boys, one girl); he sees them frequently, as both his married daughters, Florence and Lois, live nearby.

After 50 years' service he feels as fit and enthusiastic as ever. "I suppose I shall retire one day," he muses, "but I hate to think about it."

JOHN WILCOCK

BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

CUMULATIVE REDEEMABLE PREFERRED SHARES

NOTICE is hereby given that the Board of Directors has declared the following dividends for the three months ending 30th September, 1953.

4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 26. $1.00 per share payable on 1st October, 1953. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 26 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

4¾% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 20. $1.19 per share, payable on 1st October, 1953. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 20 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

5% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 4. $0.62 per share payable on 1st October, 1953. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 4 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,
J. A. BRICE,
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
27th August, 1953.

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

"PREFERRED STOCK DIVIDEND NO. 29"

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of $1.00 per share being at the rate of 4 per cent per annum has been declared on the 4% Cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending September 30, 1953, payable October 20, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on September 30, 1953.

By Order of the Board.
FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S.,
Secretary.

Certificate No. C-1426

has been issued authorizing The Reinsurance Corporation Limited of London, England to transact in Canada the business of Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, Weather Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

Mr. V. R. WILLEMSEN has been appointed Chief Agent.

BARYMIN COMPANY LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 14

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an interim dividend of ten cents per share has been declared by the Directors of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, on October 10, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business September 10, 1953.

By Order of the Board.
W. W. McBRIEN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

August 28, 1953.

For Quotations
Picard & Fleming
EMpire 6-4641

Foreign Exchange

ON OCTOBER 2, 1950, after 11 years of rates fixed by the Foreign Exchange Control Board, Canada freed the exchange rate for her dollar and allowed it to be determined by the market forces of demand and supply.

In Canada the foreign exchange market is largely centred in Montreal and Toronto where the banks, acting through exchange brokers, engage in buying and selling operations with other Canadian banks in U.S. dollars, and to a lesser degree in sterling, for account of customers who have transactions in these currencies. The exchange market functions much the same as a wholesale commodity market. A bank wishing to buy U.S. dollars in the market would place its bid with the broker or would accept an offer reported by the broker. Usually the minimum amount traded between banks is $250,000 U.S., although larger deals are quite common. The broker informs both buyer and seller when a bid or offer has been accepted, and the buying bank then hands the selling bank its clearing house settlement for the Canadian dollar equivalent of the U.S. dollars purchased. The selling bank simultaneously instructs its New York office or correspondent by telegram to pay the U.S. dollar amount to the New York office or correspondent of the buying bank.

The function of the exchange broker is thus to bring buyer and seller together. Due to the interplay of the forces of demand and supply, the broker usually has in his hands a bid for a particular currency from one source and an offer from another. These bids and offers constitute the "market" for that currency in Canada. It is not possible to describe in this article all the various forces which come into play in foreign exchange market operations, but it may be said that imports or exports of goods and services, tourist receipts or expenditures, and capital inflow or outgo, are types of transactions which have an important bearing on supply and demand and consequently on bids and offers affecting the rate levels.

EXCHANGE markets in the principal free trading centres outside Canada also play their part in establishing the international market price of the Canadian dollar. The Canadian banks keep in close touch with world exchange markets, principally New York and London, and buy or sell there if it suits their purpose. In this way, changes in the rates abroad are quickly reflected in the Canadian market, or the rates are brought into line by means of arbitrage operations. As an example of a simple arbitrage transaction, let us assume that temporarily the London market quotes a higher rate for the U.S. dollar versus the Canadian dollar than is ruling in the Montreal market. Alert traders would then be quick to buy U.S. dollars in Montreal and sell them immediately in London for Canadian dollars thereby realizing a profit. Arbitrage transactions thus perform a useful function in ironing out differentials in exchange rates between two or more world centres, but their successful completion requires skilful handling and prompt communication facilities.

In addition to market operations in "spot" exchange (i.e. exchange for immediate delivery and settlement), transactions take place in forward exchange under which one bank may buy from or sell to another bank U.S. dollars or sterling for delivery and settlement on some future date, usually limited to six months ahead. Rates for "forwards" are expressed as a discount or premium under or over "spot," and these forward rates are also influenced by the usual factors of demand and supply, although disparities between domestic and foreign interest rates may exert an influence. By means of market transactions in "forwards" the banks are able to provide facilities for fixing exchange rates on foreign exchange for future delivery, thus enabling customers to eliminate the risk of rate fluctuations in respect to firm forward commitments.

While the exchange markets are located in Montreal and Toronto, the Canadian banks have the responsibility of providing all their branches from coast to coast with rates at which foreign exchange transactions can be completed with the public. The Head Office Trading Department of each bank is in constant communication by telephone or telegraph with its regional central offices located at stra-

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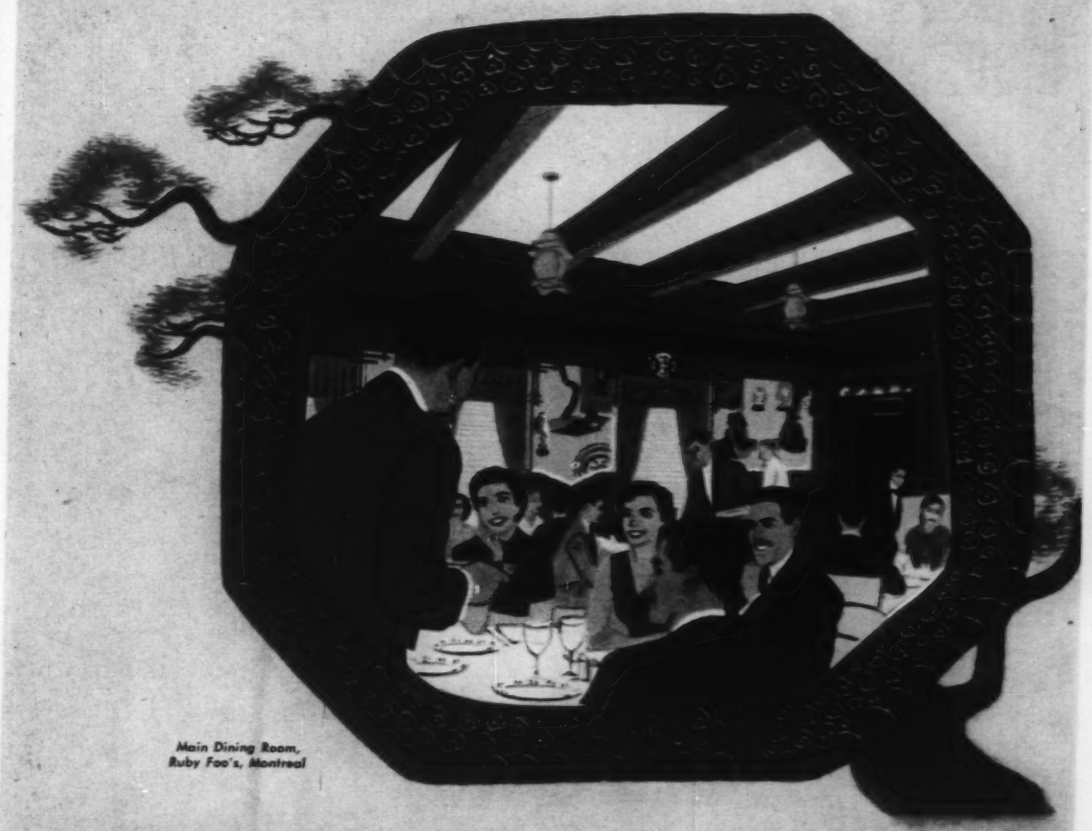

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For the finest cocktail or highball you ever tasted . . . *always call for Lord Calvert.*

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Canadian Whisky
CALVERT DISTILLERS LIMITED, AMHERSTBURG, ONT.

tegic points throughout Canada, and these central offices make the latest rates available to other branches in their districts. Thus the rate distribution services of the banks ensure that customers at even the remotest banking points throughout Canada have the benefit of foreign exchange facilities based on current rates.

The Canadian dollar has measured up well to the challenge of standing on its own feet in world exchange markets, and its present level at a premium over the U.S. dollar is a tangible indication of the many favorable factors in Canada's economy. How long it will remain at these rates is difficult to estimate at the present time, but the expanding gap between our imports and exports to the U.S., which has resulted in a deficit, will add pressure to reduce the premium. The transition from rigid to "floating" exchange rates was a relatively smooth one, due largely to the flexibility of the Canadian banking system. Thus the first day of free trading saw the banks in a position to extend to their customers full foreign exchange facilities based on rates prevailing in the somewhat erratic market which greeted the Canadian dollar on its return to the select company of unfettered world currencies.

ERNEST C. WINROW

B A

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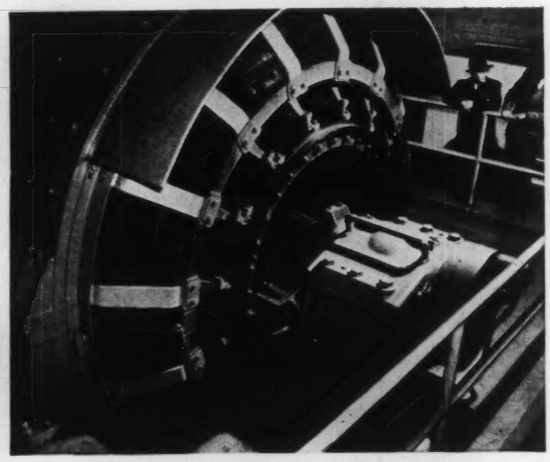

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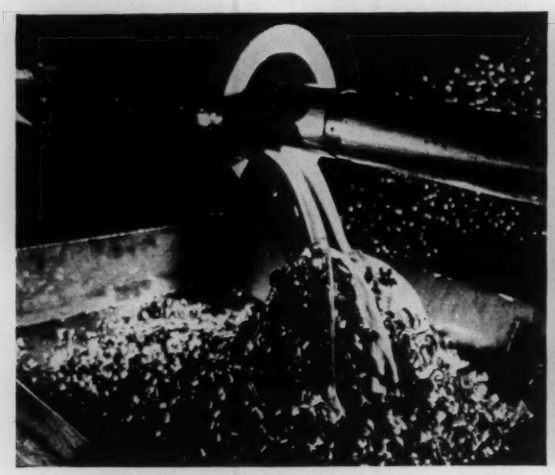

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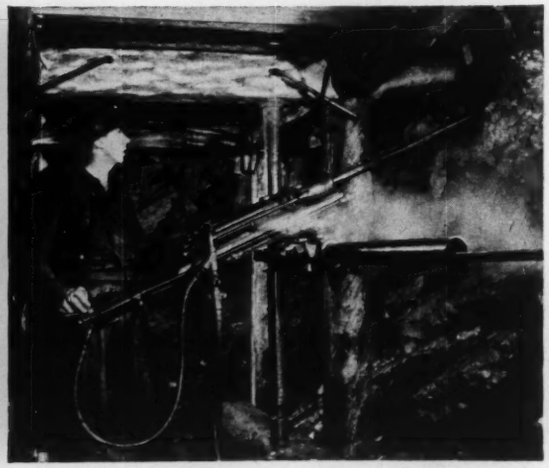

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Hotel Clinic

LIKE BASEBALL crowds, hotel guests are often omniscient. If the service is good, it could be better; if bad, everyone knows about it but the manager.

A group of Canadian hotelmen reasoned that most people who patronized hotels would be willing to give their opinions on how the establishments might be improved. For this purpose the Ontario Hotel Association organized an experimental "hotel clinic," earlier this year which brought together hotelmen and those outside the industry in an informal, round-table discussion.

A police chief gave his views on how some of his problems could be solved by closer co-operation; a much-travelled Cabinet Minister defined the differing standards of comfort he'd experienced in various towns and cities; a beverage room manager pointed out how his customers could avoid unpleasantness by stopping before they had drunk more than was good for them.

The clinic was so successful at analysing Association members' troubles (the membership includes tourist cabin owners as well as managers of large hotels) that 50 have been held since in various parts of the province. All have been attended by civic leaders, hotelmen and members of the public and both sides have, presumably, benefited from the experiment.

Now the Association has produced a booklet illustrating the public's most frequent complaints. As might be expected, most of them concern the operation of beverage rooms.

The gossipy waiter, maliciously illustrated by the booklet's cartoonist, is high on the list but he is only one object of criticism. Untidy washrooms, slovenly employees, bookies and the practice of serving the owner's friends with free beer are all apt to get a house a bad name.

Some of the lessons taught by the clinics have been put into immediate practice. Several panel members, for example, complained about children being left outside beverage rooms in cars or lobbies while their parents were drinking and many proprietors are now trying to stop this with the aid of alert commissionaires. Some problems are given constant study—drinking by minors, for example. Deciding whether a man (or more often, a woman) is old enough to drink is a task that would baffle even some of the midway barkers who make their living at age-guessing. But while drinking under age could merely mean a fine for the drinker, serving the drink could cost a proprietor his livelihood.

After it has spent a few more months in learning from the public, the 1,200-member Ontario Hotel Association will take its turn at teaching this Fall. Led by 40-year-old General Manager Roy Corbett, a former science teacher turned hotel manager, the Association is planning a regular program to explain, over the radio, some of the hotel keeper's difficulties; for while there are errors that hotelmen can remedy, there are some that the public themselves can help in checking.

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NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-seven and one-half cents (37½c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending September 30, 1953, payable on October 15, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business September 15, 1953, and a special dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share was declared payable on October 15, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business September 15, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

H. J. FARNAN,
Secretary.

Brazil's Fight

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

ization of the country—he contends that Brazil can never become an exporter of foodstuffs—and Goulart must try to talk labor into working harder and capitalists into taking lower profits.

Goulart's job will probably be as difficult as Aranha's. Brazilian workers are underpaid and are ill-disposed to consider pleas that they produce more during their eight hours on the job. In Rio, the minimum wage is 1,200 cruzeiros per month—about $60 at the official rate of exchange of 18.72 cruzeiros per dollar, and only $30 at the free market rate of about 40 cruzeiros to the dollar.

Most workers earn better than the minimum wage, but not much more. Many spend up to 50 per cent of their earnings on rent, and have a difficult time providing themselves with the necessities of life on the balance. But most industrialists make substantial profits. Cement manufacturers, for instance, make a net profit of 200 per cent per bag.

It is possible that if Goulart can talk employers into the wisdom of increasing pay by, say, 25 per cent to get 75 per cent more work out of happy employees, a large part of Brazil's troubles will be solved. A large percentage of manufactured articles now imported, at a terrific drain on foreign exchange, would then be available from local industries.

The country has traditionally been an exporter of coffee, cotton, cocoa, wood, sisal fibres, oil seeds, and crude rubber. But, with the exception of coffee, the cost of other Brazilian exports has risen too high to be competitive in international markets and exports have been dropping.

To combat this situation, Brazil could devalue its cruzeiro. But Aranha is opposed to such a course because of the drastic increase it would bring in the cost of living. He wants higher production, and the lower costs which result.

He has suggested that a good course for Brazil to adopt would be to increase its production and export of ores. The country is rich in metals, and the world is clamoring for them.

The cabinet supported Aranha in a highly important decision: to place all imports under the controlled cruzeiro of 18.72 to the dollar. This meant that all goods coming into the country beginning last month—and all imports were to be strictly essentials—would reach importers at a rate almost two-thirds lower than the going free-market price of the cruzeiro, which has varied from 41 to as high as 50.50 to the dollar.

When the free market in cruzeiros was set up, in February, a large number of articles banned at official rates were allowed to be imported with free market dollars, with dealers getting their American money where they could find it. This had a natural tendency to devalue the cruzeiro.

Now, with all imports coming at controlled rates, free market dollars are used to send out profits, interest payments, for travel abroad, student maintenance, and certain insurance payments.

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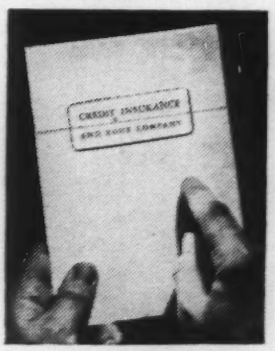

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french provincial regence inspires the lovely lines of this Commode, whose inbred beauty is apparent in every melting curve . . . in the hand-padded, hand-shaded richness of its deep walnut finish— antiqued to emphasize its patrician patina— and in the authenticity of its beautifully wrought hardware. It is a piece that needs no emphasis to indicate its elegance . . . and is typical of the Grand Manner furniture which is a specialty with **EATON'S**

EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION. STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Beauty

WHATEVER the temperature may be, the passing of Labor Day and the start of a new school year means the end of summer. For most women, this means making early arrangements to see their hairdresser and get some hair-conditioning treatments. Swimming and lolling about in the sun is not good for the hair. Then, too, they arrange for their Fall permanent.

We have come to accept permanents as such a necessary part of our lives that it is difficult to realize they are a comparatively recent invention. Permanent waving was introduced into Europe just before the First World War; North America got it after the war.

At that time, there was just one type of wave, the "spiral." The hair was divided into tresses for waving; each tress was wound around a long rod, from the scalp out to the ends, dampened with the waving solution, and then encased in a cylinder about eight inches long. You paid for your permanent by the curl—$1 each. As it took from 24 to 40 curls to cover a head, the price was certainly too steep for the average office worker.

Then, too, the permanent took simply hours to do. Even in the late 1920's and early 1930's, the salons believed — and probably rightly — that they had to provide some nourishment if the clients were to survive the ordeal; tea and biscuits were usually served midway through the operation.

Next came the "croquinole" wave. The hair was wound the opposite way, from the ends up towards the scalp. This was to be the winding technique on which the later methods were based. Then, in 1932, came the machineless method. Finally, during World War II, home waving techniques were developed.

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Women

CUTAWAY *suit of brown mixture tweed, with fashion importance in the tweed ascot studded with pearls and rhinestones, by Patric of Miss America.*

Photo, courtesy Couture Group of the New York Dress Institute.

Conversation Pieces:

NOT MANY Canadian fashion designers have their own shop where they sell their own originals. Cornelia Berceller, of Toronto's fashion-conscious Bloor Street, is one of these. Recently she showed her Fall collection to some 350 invited guests, in the garden of her York Mills home. On a floodlit runway, to violin music by the "Enchanted Strings" quartette, the models displayed Cornelia's modern interpretation of the French Empire look. One red taffeta cocktail dress had a chin-framing collar that could be demurely squashed down after the dramatic entrance; a fine black wool dress had a hip-length cape edged with beige fox, the cape appearing with another slender coat as an overskirt. Designing is a comparatively new business with Cornelia. Before she and her husband fled from Hitler, she was a concert singer in Vienna.

If you are interested in soused mackerel—gastronomically, of course—you will be interested in a new cook book called *Dutch Oven*, brought out by the women of Lunenburg, NS, to help wipe out the hospital debt. The recipes are local ones, and many of them came over with the first settlers from Germany, some 200 years ago. Price, $2.50.

Aftermath of the Federal election: Hilda Hesson, of Winnipeg, Dominion organizer of women for the Progressive Conservative party, says that 80 per cent of the organizational work done for all political parties is done by women.

London Little Theatre believes in demonstrating its faith in the future of Canadian Theatre in a practical way.
In 1948 it sent Olga Landiak to London, England, to study drama. She had won the best actress award in the Dominion Drama Festival. A couple of years later it offered a $1,000 prize for the best three-act play written by a Canadian.
This Fall it has granted Gwyn Kelly a $500 scholarship, to study at the Neighborhood Playhouse School in New York. Miss Kelly is a '53 graduate in Journalism, from the University of Western Ontario, as well as being a London Little Theatre actress.

After seeing a preview of *Malta Story*—J. Arthur Rank's tribute to the heroism and devotion of that George Cross Island—we telephoned our Maltese friend, magician John Giordmaine, and learned that there are 6,000 Maltese living in Canada now, with 4,000 of them in Toronto.

Business people who insist on a coffee break in the morning and afternoon are continuing a 300-year-old tradition.
When Pasqua Rosee opened London's first coffee house in 1652, he distributed handbills which stated coffee was "very good to help digestion, and therefore of great use to be taken about three or four o'clock, as well as in the morning." Coffee, the handbill proclaimed, "much quickens the spirits and makes the heart lightsome."

We thought just about every inhumanity had been done to the poor pooch unlucky enough to be regarded as a fashion accessory . . . from being dyed to match his mistress's frock to wearing a bonnet identical with hers. But now from New York we hear that even dogs are to be included in the decree of fashion that says everything is to have fur trim, and fur jackets are available in various doggy sizes. In mink, too!

Weddings: Rosemary Geraldine Gerhart, daughter of the Hon. C. E. Gerhart, Minister of Municipal Affairs and Provincial Secretary of Alberta, to Lt. William George Callaway, RCR, of Hamilton, Ont.; Nancy Bunting, daughter of the late Robert Franklin Bunting, to Richard Zimmerman, son of William Zimmerman, QC, both of Toronto; Philippa Osler, daughter of Philip F. Osler, of Montreal, to Brigham Stockwell Day, of Toronto; Joan Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of Dr. John Russell Hamilton, Headmaster of Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont., to Francis Alvin Stewart, of Ottawa.

Tampax was invented by a doctor 20 years ago!

Now millions of women find the "new way" is the tried-and-true way

The woman who uses Tampax monthly sanitary protection doesn't think of it as "revolutionary" or "different." It's an accepted part of her life.

If you asked her what she liked about it, she'd probably give you an enthusiastic "everything." Know why? Because the big advantage of internally-worn Tampax lies in the things it *doesn't* do; things you may have been enduring for years, not realizing welcome relief was as close as your neighborhood drug or notion counter.

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Crusader

NEW BRUNSWICK'S legislators had great guffawing, side-splitting fun on the day in 1909 when a delegation of women made so bold as to venture into the staid Assembly chamber at Fredericton to ask that single women be allowed to vote.

"Help!" cried one of the lawmakers, jumping to his feet as the determined ladies appeared in the doorway. "Police!" shouted another, laughing so hard he was able to bellow only with difficulty. "Sergeant-at-Arms!" A spontaneous uproar broke out. The members were all standing at once, pretending to be terror-stricken. The division bell clanged stridently, someone using it enthusiastically to add to the general din.

Afterward the secretary of the Suffrage Association inscribed sadly in her minutes, with her ears still burning: "On this occasion we were treated with insult."

Times have changed. When a delegation from the New Brunswick Council of Women waited on former Premier John B. McNair and his Liberal cabinet in March, 1952, to ask for jail reforms and regional libraries and to urge that the government do whatever it could toward having a woman appointed as one of NB's four new senators, they were heard with the utmost courtesy and attention.

No less respectful was the reception a delegation from the NB Association of Business and Professional Women's Clubs was accorded last March by Premier Hugh John Flemming and his Progressive Conservative cabinet. A double-barrelled request was made for (1) equal pay for women for work of equal value and (2) the right of NB women to serve on juries. In fact, the government even complimented the women on the effectiveness of their presentation.

MOST OF these requests have yet to be granted, but the women are fully confident they will be, in due time. Meanwhile, they have checked off at least one as accomplished: the federal government has named Mrs. Muriel McQueen Fergusson of Fredericton to Canada's Senate.

Mrs. Fergusson, incidentally, was a member of both the 1952 and 1953 deputations. It was not the first time that, as a delegate trying to help widen the scope of women's participation in community life, she had found herself asked to take on new responsibilities as a result.

For instance, in Fredericton up to a few years ago, housewives couldn't vote in civic elections unless they owned property. Mrs. Fergusson submitted a brief pointing out that women had this privilege in local and municipal elections west of Quebec. The Fredericton law was changed.

Two years later she was back with another brief, this time asking that women be allowed to run as candidates for the City Council. Once more the offending legislation was amended, and the first woman alderman elected was Mrs. Fergusson.

Stone Studio

SENATOR Muriel McQueen Fergusson: Lawyer, salmon angler and cook.

All this may sound as if she is a militant feminist, a sort of modern Emmeline Pankhurst who gives governments no respite.

She is a feminist, all right—but a quiet-spoken, attractive, good-natured, witty and charming one in her early fifties, with blue eyes that seem constantly ready to smile, a crusader who knows the value of logic and reasonableness in a man's world.

With apparent sincerity she regards herself as simply one of many NB women doing a routine job in the movement for feminine equality, and she will tell you that the only reason she has been in the spotlight so often is that, as a lawyer, she has had some experience in preparing and presenting briefs.

Few women, particularly in Fredericton, would agree with this modest self-appraisal. They see in Mrs. Fergusson a remarkable combination of proved executive ability, professional training, warm personality and human understanding, and with the indefatigable energy of a Mrs. Roosevelt, the kind of woman they would like men to realize a woman in public life can be.

They went right after her when, in the first civic election following the granting of women's right to run for office, not a single bonnet was tossed into the ring.

"We're being made fun of," they told Mrs. Fergusson. "Everyone's asking if the brief was just a lot of talk. You'll have to offer next time, whether you're busy or not."

And she *was* busy. As federal director of family allowances for NB—the only woman director in Canada—she was administering the distribution of more than a million dollars a month. The big task of organizing the old age pension set-up was looming ahead.

But when election-time came in December, 1950, she let her name go up for one of the ten aldermanic seats —and then she ran into a disappointment: she was elected by acclamation. Not that she didn't want to be elected, but she wanted to see a contest made of it.

"All the women would have welcomed a test," Mrs. Fergusson explains, "but no one came out."

How did she make out as an alderman? Just so well that, to the keen regret of herself and her legion of housewife sponsors, she was re-elected by acclamation last December. Just so well, too, that her colleagues on the council chose her to be deputy mayor.

MRS. FERGUSSON is planning to finish out the current year at City Hall, even though she's now a senator, to save Fredericton the cost of a by-election.

In council meetings she has been a vigilant guardian of women's and children's interests, as doubtless she will be in the Senate. Fredericton women recall with satisfaction the time a schedule of salary increases was suggested for civic employees, involving $100 more yearly for men

and $50 for women. Promptly branded "rank discrimination" by the lady alderman, it was amended to $100 yearly, for both sexes.

"We'll miss her," comments Dr. H. S. Wright, the city's mayor. "I have nothing but praise for Mrs. Fergusson's work on the council—and she's a hard worker in council as in anything else. As the first woman alderman, she has given a good account for her sex. Her judgment is quite sound, and she's able to back up her opinions with reasons."

Mrs. Fergusson's public career has been extraordinary from any standpoint, but particularly when it is remembered that in 1926, after a year's practice at law, she settled down to what she expected to be the quiet life of a home-maker for the rest of her days.

She had studied in the office of her barrister father, James McQueen of Shediac, while waiting to marry her Mount Allison University sweetheart, Aubrey S. Fergusson, when he completed his law course at Harvard.

That quiet life—at least quiet in comparison with her career since—lasted for ten years in the northern NB town of Grand Falls. There the Fergusson's novel woodland garden, right in the middle of town, was a showplace. It was devoted half to distinctive NB wild flowers which she had collected at Salmon River Flat, and half to "tame" flowers. For more vigorous recreation Mrs. Fergusson fly-fished for salmon in the famous angling waters of the Restigouche, bringing to gaff many a gleaming beauty weighing up to 35 pounds and more.

She loved to cook—so she opened the Malabeam Tea Room, which soon became known for her specialties of angel food cake and hot waffles served with NB maple syrup.

As always, she gave much time to women's and children's organized activities, and founded the Grand Falls Literary Club, a women's cultural group which is still going strong and which continues to hold a special place in her heart.

"Just last winter," she says proudly, "they drove all the way from Grand Falls to Fredericton — about 160 miles, and over awfully icy roads—to see the national ballet. They were that interested. I thought they were wonderful."

In 1936 when her husband became ill as a result of First World War disabilities, Mrs. Fergusson was readmitted to the bar. She practised with him for six years until his death. In those six years, of necessity, she began her unique excursion into man's domain. She became Judge Fergusson—NB's first woman judge of a probate court, as well as clerk of the county court, clerk of the circuit court and town solicitor for Grand Falls.

She not only continued her husband's practice, but also ran his insurance business. After his death she moved to Saint John to become assistant enforcement counsel for the Wartime Prices and Trade Board and soon was promoted to regional enforcement counsel, the only woman in Canada to hold such a position.

After the war she applied for the job of NB regional family allowance director—but not until aroused Canadian women's organizations had attacked a Civil Service Commission advertisement which stated the vacancy was for "men only." The ad, subsequently apologized for as a clerical error, was changed to "for men or women." Mrs. Fergusson, it turned out, was just the woman. When her appointment to the Senate was announced last May 19, she resigned as regional director of welfare.

Needless to say, Mrs. Fergusson is looking forward to attending her first Red Chamber session. It will mean some change in her home life—she lives on Brunswick Street, Fredericton, with her mother, who is ninety this September—and it may mean being less active on some of the numerous NB women's, welfare and educational boards in which she has taken a leading part.

But it's a safe bet that she'll be keeping a watchful eye on how her long-advocated projects fare—like that matter of NB women being allowed to serve on juries.

"Women," she points out, "are seeking equal pay and other equal rights, but in doing so they are also anxious to assume their full responsibilities as citizens. I'm sure the day will come when there will be jurywomen in this province — only Newfoundland, Quebec, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick exclude them now. Not that women, like men, should be forced to serve, but they should have the right. They should be regarded as competent but not compellable."

But Mrs. Fergusson is no headlong feminist who believes that women are competent to take over the reins of government. Here her reasonableness, which has such an appeal to men's way of thinking, enters the picture.

"Women have a lot to learn," she concedes. "After all, men have had hundreds of years' experience in public life. But I do think that men and women will eventually learn to work together in government, and share equally in it.

"That's not because we're fifty per cent of the population, but because the home is the fundamental unit of life, and government, whether local or provincial or federal, is just homemaking and housekeeping on a larger scale. It needs women's participation. Without women it is just as lacking in balance as a home without a woman's influence."

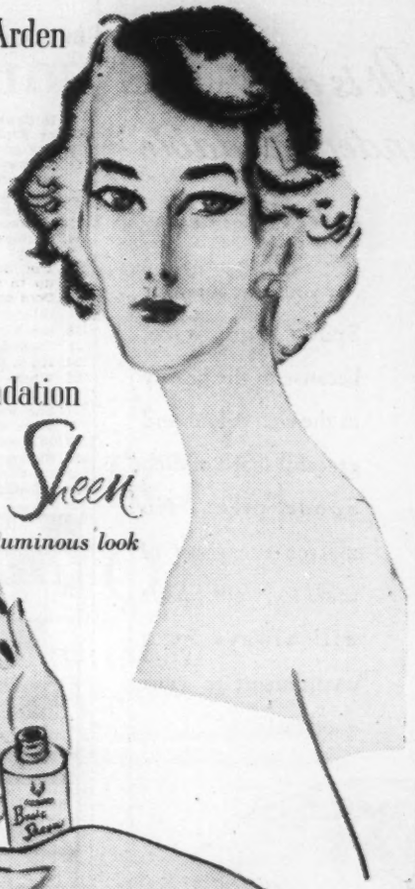
Mrs. Fergusson would like to see more women serving in city and town councils and getting into local election campaigns. This, she says, will give them a chance to learn "the basic facts of political life."

There is no fear that Senator Fergusson will feel embarrassed at being one of only four feminine members in the 102-seat Senate—not with three other women for company. Having them around will seem to her a pleasant change; so often in the past she has been a lone woman in a man's preserve.

And in the more informal moments of the session, she will certainly be able to match stories with the best of them if anyone brings up the subject of Atlantic salmon angling.

STUART TRUEMAN

Elizabeth Arden
creates...



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Elizabeth Arden

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Picture on the Wall

The gold bird sings on the wall, the grass
Is suddenly greened by longing,
And out of the dim and long forgotten
Questions come thronging.

What of the tree once green, the fruit
Long eaten, the starry word
That flashed in the branches, loved to lover,
Child to bird?

What of return? And do the days
Move at the old staccato?
What of gone youth that once on the wind's lyre
Played obbligato?

Brightness blurs to dusk again,
The green, the gold is thinning.
Man must return to himself and his own,
The end be the beginning.

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Let There Be Light

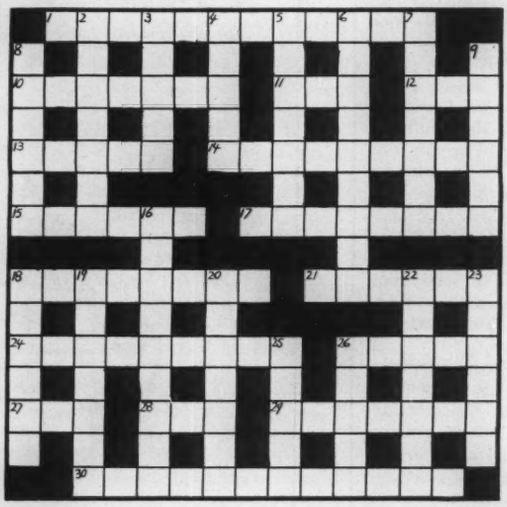
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. 18 down. Yet it wasn't a "short" story by Kipling. (3, 5, 4, 6)
10. Reg and I took ten as the number. (7)
11. To travel in one is an established mode of procedure in winter. (3)
12. Only a cur would make this a time signal! (3)
13. It takes a miner to bring this out. (5)
14. Is there no accounting for this financially? On the contrary! (9)
15. The street-cleaner is bound to finish up in one. (6)
17. Does one walk it with measured tread? (8)
18. See 3.
21. Cooked and drunk? (6)
24. It's a dire trait to be so. (9)
26. Where the first electrical recordings were made? (5)
27. She was a stowe-away in heaven, but came back. (3)
28. 16's last poem. (3)
29. Shakespeare's poetic lady made money on the Church of England. (7)
30. Shockingly slippery until 21? (8, 4)

DOWN

2. Satan's throne? Re-volting! (3, 4)
3. 18 across. Not a characteristic of a negro pickpocket. (5-8)
3. 9. In this case blonde hair is false, on or off. (5-6)
4. When half of 21, they'll never be missed again. (5)
5. Having trouble to rent may come as a blow. (7)
6. Hot-headed fellow, always looks on the dark side. (9)
7. It's a feat to get the fat into this material. (7)
8. It's heavy duty on an electric stove. (6)
9. See 3.
16. It appears those chosen didn't go on foot to the terminal. (9)
18. See 1.
19. Do tell! (7)
20. The question will beg the answer. (7)
22. It'll have a dampening effect on the prisoner in for battery. (3, 4)
23. To make it, 9 the 3 off. (6)
25. Adlai, perhaps, but not Stevenson, who took the Lama. (5)
26. Mother has started cleaning the crystal. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

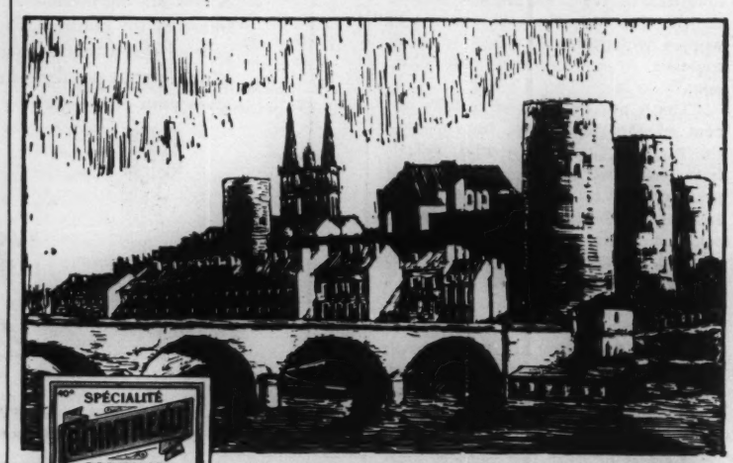
ACROSS

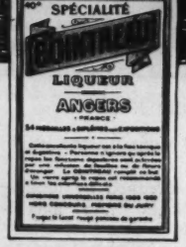
1. Peppering
9. Ominous
10. Abnegates
11. Swindle
12. Noun 13. Ergo
15. Unwed
16. Song of Songs
19. Temptresses
23. Beach
24. Roué
25. Pine
26. Solomon
28. Intrigues
29. Low born
30. Godliness

DOWN

1. Plainest
2. Penguin
3. Eggs
4. Interns
5. Gossoon
6. Filibuster
7. Low down
8. Ascend
14. Tom Thomson
17. Assesses
18. Gallows
20. Morning
21. Taunted
22. Seizure 23. Basalt
27. Mimi

(279)





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Yes, Canadians are finding that highballs taste better when they're mixed with club soda. And that's because club soda means Canada Dry Sparkling Water—world's finest mixer. Points up the flavor of *every* drink!

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AVON

AERO ENGINE

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"Oh! my aching feet!"

Aching feet feel better instantly with this cool, soothing relief!

● When feet get overtired, they can torture your entire body with aches and pains. They make every step agony . . . make it hard for you to "stay on the job."

That's why it pays to act fast at the first sign of painful foot fatigue . . . *rub those aching feet with Absorbine Jr. and feel its cool, soothing relief*—instantly!

Medically recognized for quick, effective help, Absorbine Jr. soothes the sore spots . . . helps counter the pain-causing irritation . . . brings grand relief *in minutes!*

When your *feet* feel better, *you* feel better! Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold . . . $1.25 a long-lasting bottle, or send for free sample.

Absorbine Jr.

Fast relief for sore, tired feet!

Send for FREE sample 206

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Please send me a free sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.—postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Prov._____

The Backward Glance

Three Years Ago This Week

In Saturday Night

A FEW PUBLICATIONS can function without some advertising content, which generally determines how many pages will make up any one issue.

The writing of advertising copy has become a modern craft, and at times approaches art; advertising illustration has been an art now for a long time, and today it supplies the marmalade for the toast of many of our finest painters. Because it is so important a part of publishing, and is such a moving force in our present-day civilization, we will devote the current "Backward Glance" to a brief review of the advertising columns of SATURDAY NIGHT for September 19, 1950.

The inside front cover bore a full-page, full color advertisement for The House of Seagram, illustrated with an oil reproduction by Frank Gensing showing a threshing machine at work in a Western wheatfield; it was one of a series that Seagrams published in magazines throughout the world. On the opposite page was a one-column ad by the Mitchell Manufacturing Co. which elicited a "What'll they think of next?" sort of question, from this reviewer at least. It showed a combination bed-reading light and radio and a combination desk lamp and radio.

The Fred W. Matthews funeral parlor advertised its "modern air-conditioned chapel," which reminded us that almost all urban funerals today are conducted from funeral parlors. We believe this trend is a wise one, but there was something to be said, too, for the old method of laying out the dead person in the front parlor, and letting all the children on the street come in for a curious peek.

Remington Rand ran an ad illustrating a Printing Calculator, a machine that no doubt combines long wear, accuracy and speed. Personally, we shy away from all office machinery but the typewriter. On the few occasions that we have tried to run our personal mail through a stamping machine, it has come out with the stamps printed on top of the address, and adding machines, when we operate them, have a perverse habit of making 107 plus 32 work out to 1,000,139.

McLeod, Young, Weir & Co. advertised nine bonds recommended for investment. These were: Government of Canada, Province of British Columbia, Province of Quebec, Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, B.C. Electric, Canadian Breweries, Great Lakes Power, Traders Finance Co., and Western Canada Breweries. By means of the office adding machine, we find that by purchasing one share of each of these offerings in 1950, we would have now earned $9,240,000! There goes that damned adding machine again; what we really would have earned is $92.40, which isn't quite as much, but pretty good for an amateur capitalist like ourselves who wouldn't know which end of a coupon to clip.

The Post Office Department advertised in 1950, warning the public to put enough postage on mail, to send money orders instead of cash, to write legible addresses and wrap parcels carefully. Craven 'A' Cigarettes had a young lady smiling at the reader. Her hair was ash blonde, which matched the ash on the tip of her Craven 'A'. She was pretty enough, but for our money we like them dark and sultry, with just a hint of a moustache, like a freshman at his first prom.

The British American Oil Company, which once fired us for lack of interest and ambition, had a four-color ad extolling the virtues of its gasolines 88 and 98. We have long been an admirer of their ads, but were completely in the dark as to what the figures stood for until a friend of ours in the firm (everyone in the firm is still our friend except the stuffy guy who sent us our dismissal notice) told us they stood for "88 octane" and "98 octane." We never did find out the precise meaning of "octane," however.

The International Nickel Co. headed its large advertisement, "So . . . Nickel goes fishing," and showed a sou'westered fisherman peering down at three line drawings illustrating a monel metal propeller shaft, trolling lines of "Z" Nickel wire, and fish-canning equipment made of you know what. The Life Insurance Companies in Canada showed a diamond the size of a baseball (not a photograph, but a drawing). In their copy they said that a diamond that big would be worth about $200 million, which represents just about the amount of money they were investing in various ways during 1950.

We usually think of some things as never changing—car batteries, for instance. The Willard Battery people advertised its Super Master battery, equipped with "Metalex," which probably does for car batteries what "Irium" did for toothpaste and "barium" did for the X-ray business.

One of our nephews (on our wife's side), who is otherwise moronic, has the gift of being able to name the make of an automobile while it is hundreds of yards away. His family live on a main Ontario highway, which accounts for his ability; all the time they thought he was staring off into the distance, thinking of South Sea Islands, he was actually perfecting this most useless of pursuits. We were reminded of him (and, believe me, there are few things in this world that *do* remind us of him) when we scanned the 1950 Plymouth ad in our SATURDAY NIGHT of three years ago. To us it looks just as modern as the 1953 model, but unlike our nephew, we never could tell one car from another since the last Stars and Essex's chased each other down our street.

THE Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. must have run thousands of its ads stressing Health over the past years. These ads have always been forthright and informative, and the one of three years ago stressed health and safety for the schoolchild. The Dow advertisement told of the exploits of Paul Gilbert of Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, who had rescued 16-year-old Jean-Marc Thibodeau after a canoe accident, and had applied artificial respiration. For this he won the Dow award of a $100 Canada Savings Bond.

The Nemo girdle company ran an ad advertising their new "Sensation" girdle. If we remember correctly, it caused a sensation in Quebec, where its signboard displays were draped with a painted Mother Hubbard affair to cover the model's charms. We don't know how the *Quebecois* took this spoil-sport act on the part of the authorities, but we much prefer the lady as she was. Ontario may be stuffy in some ways, but up to now we have never hired vigilantes or vandals armed with paint-brushes with orders to change girdled young women into 1900 female missionaries. *Aux barricades, mes enfants!*

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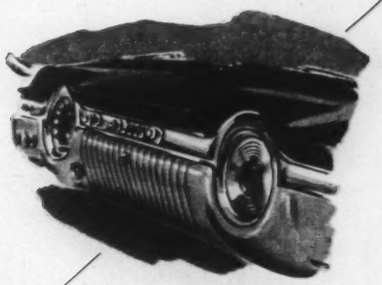
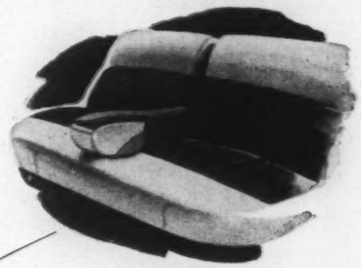
SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887.
VOL. 68 NO. 50 WHOLE NO. 3150

Editorial Board, Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt; Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editors, Hugh Garner, Willson Woodside; Production Editor, John Irwin; Financial Editor, W. P. Snead; Women's Editor, Margaret Ness; Assistant Editors, Lillian England, John Wilcock; Assistant to the Editor, Fern Rahmel; Contributing Editors, Jim Coleman, Robertson Davies, Paul Duval, Max Freedman (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York); Advertising Sales Manager, Lloyd M. Hodgkinson. Subscription Prices: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, Birks Building, Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto 1, Canada. President and Publisher, Jack Kent Cooke; Vice Presidents, Hal E. Cooke, Neil M. Watt, E. R. Milling; Assistant Comptroller, George Colvin; Secretary, William Zimmerman, Q.C.; Director of Circulation, Gordon Rumgay; Director of Manufacturing, E. M. Pritchard. Representatives: New York, Donald Cooke Inc., 331 Madison Ave.; Chicago, Fred R. Jones & Son, 228 N. Lasalle Street; Los Angeles, Lee F. O'Connell Co. 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; Vancouver, John N. Hunt & Associates, 198 West Hastings Street; London, England, Dennis W. Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

"A thing of Beauty... a joy to Possess"

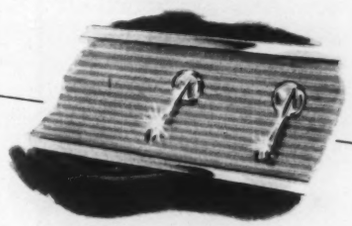


Oldsmobile's new instrument panel is ultra-modern in its symmetry and beauty.

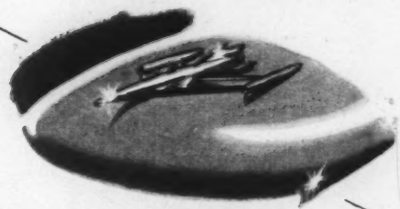


The word luxury comes to life in Oldsmobile's seating appointments.

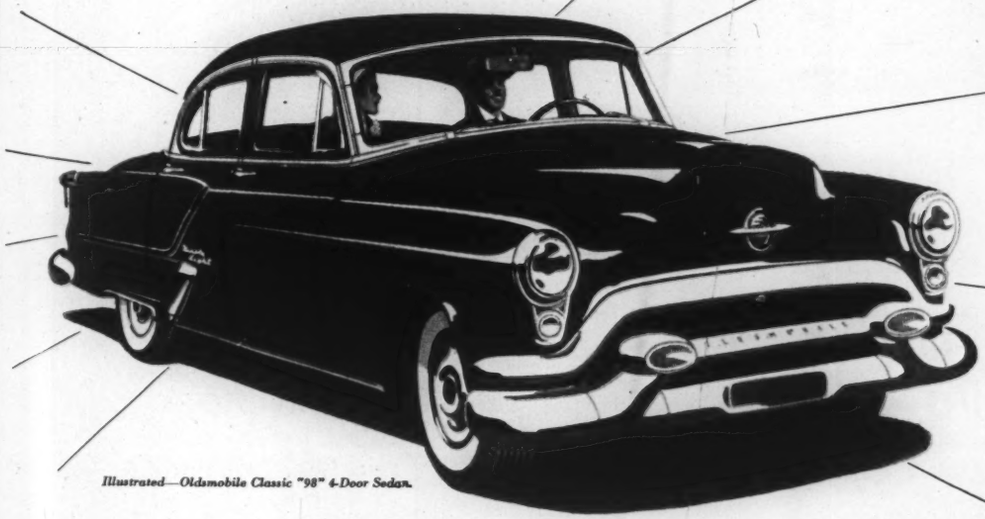
Gracious design is everywhere you look, even to the convenient, seat-back ash tray.



Modern simplicity and dignity set the motif for gleaming chrome trim appointments.



Famous "Rocket" figurehead . . . symbol of Rocket Oldsmobile's sweeping power.



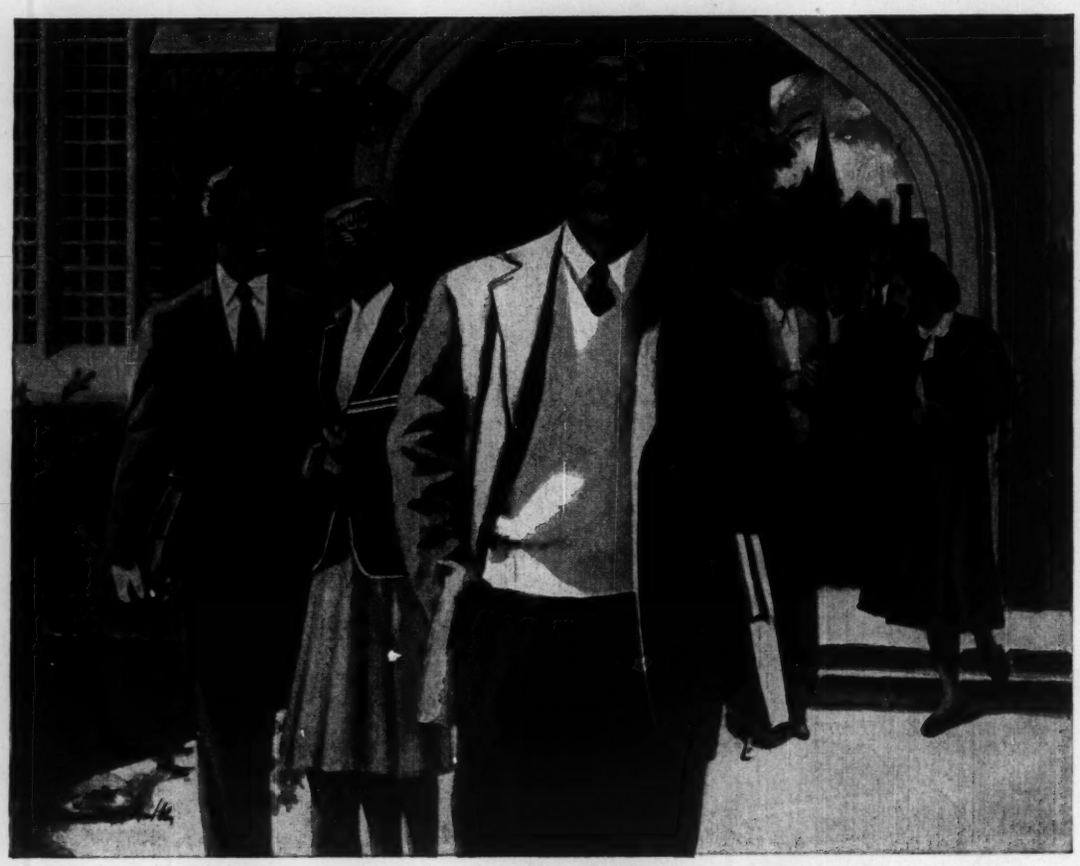
Illustrated—Oldsmobile Classic "98" 4-Door Sedan.

There's a bold, sweeping "eager-to-go" look about every Oldsmobile Super "88" and Classic "98", —and this superb Power Styling is enhanced by a wider-than-ever selection of glamorous new body colors and two-tone color combinations. They're sure to captivate the eyes—and the hearts —of all who see them. Interiors, too, are styled for beauty and luxury, with completely new instrument panels, squared-off seat backs, ultra-fashionable new fabrics and patterns. Superb quality and good taste are reflected in Oldsmobile's sumptuous appointments. Every single detail has a sparkle and a smartness of design that sets Oldsmobile apart from every other car on the road. And, of course, all this beauty is matched by brilliant performance, magnificent riding comfort and the sparkling power of the 165 horsepower high-compression "Rocket" engine. Remember, too, that Oldsmobile offers you a host of wonderful "Power" features as options at extra cost — features like Hydra-Matic Super Drive, new Power Steering and Pedal-Ease Power Brakes. Find out for yourself the sheer joy of possessing an Oldsmobile. See your Oldsmobile dealer!

OLDSMOBILE

SUPER 88 CLASSIC 98

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



THANKS TO LIFE INSURANCE BOUGHT IN TIME . . .

he goes to university – just as his father planned

The career this boy has his heart set on *could* have been lost to him completely when his father died . . .

But the life insurance arranged for the family's support included provision for education—and university training became a reality for him.

Thanks to life insurance and a father's foresight, this boy is being given full opportunity for a life of achievement and service.

Ask the London Life man to show you how your life insurance can be arranged to provide the maximum income from your policies.

London Life
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